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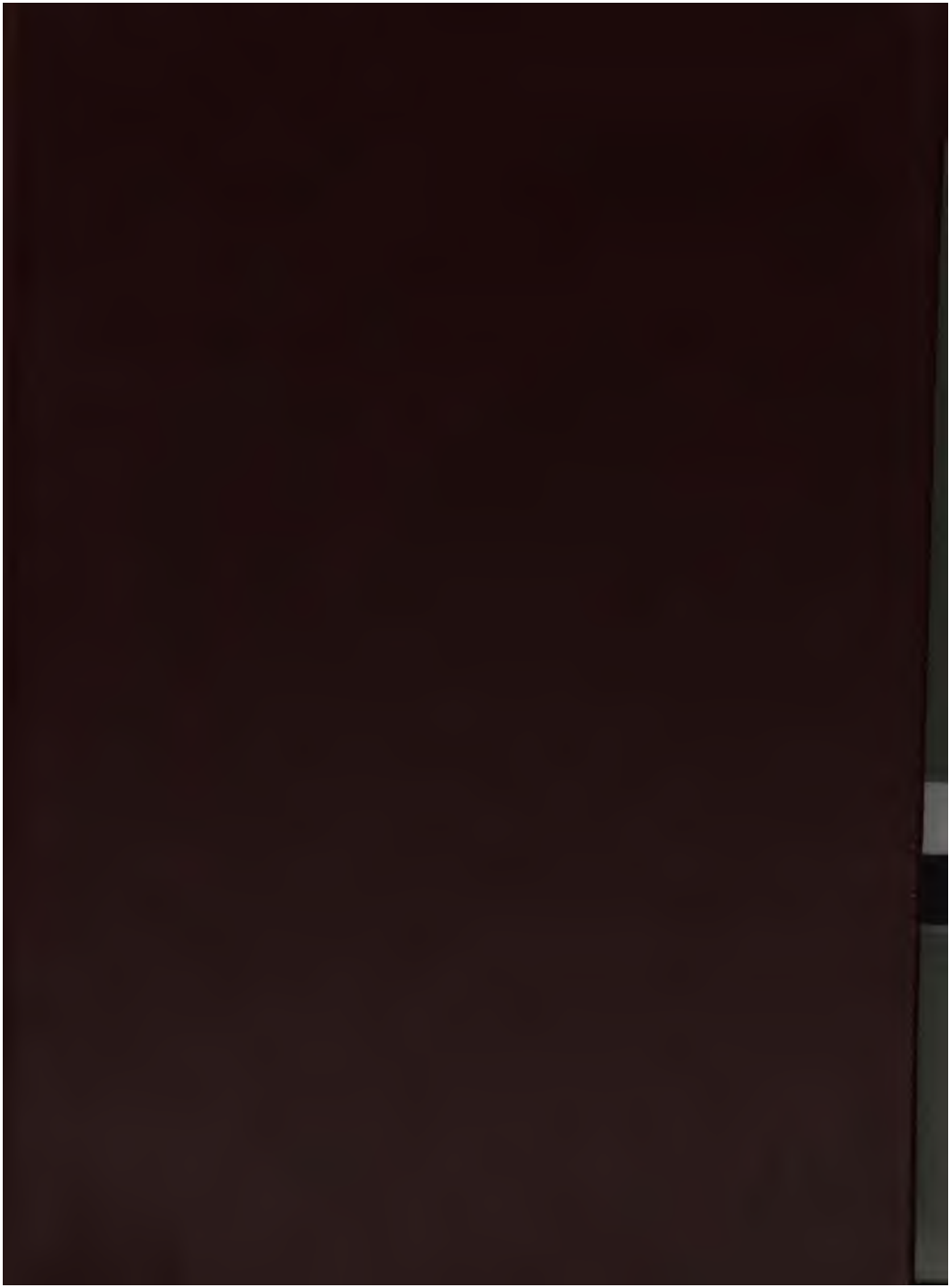

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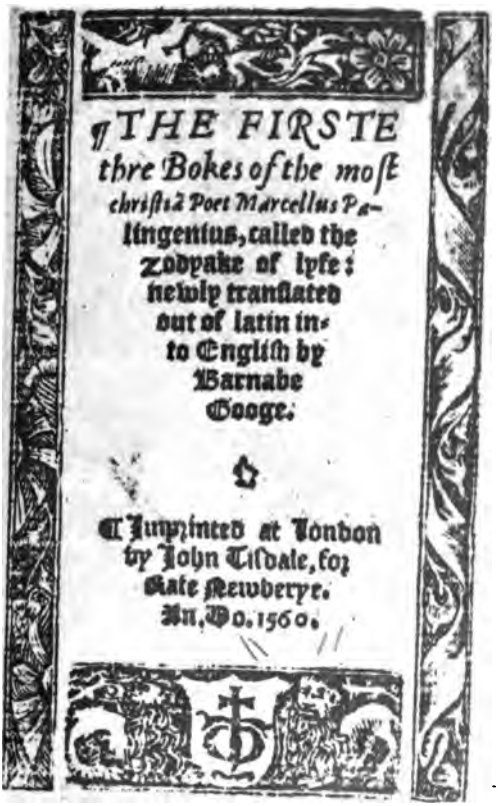
Zodyake of lyfe



¶ THE FIRSTE thre Bokes of the moſt chriſtiã Poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the Zodyake of lyfe: newly tranſlated out of latin into Engliſh by Barnabe Googe.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Tisdale, for Gate Newberye. An. Do. 1560.

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WILLIAM A. WHITE
JUNE 26, 1930

Quæ gerit hic clypeus Probitatis fulgida ſigna
Vendicat et celebrat Gogæa clara domus

TO THE RIGHT
woorſhipfull and his eſ-
peciall good Graundmo-
ther, my Lady Hales,
Barnabe Googe, wi-
ſheth long lyfe and
helth to the plea-
ſure of God.

Wayinge with my ſelfe the vertuous ſtyle and godlye ſence of this Poete ryghte woorſhippefull Maddam, and beyng greatly delyghted with the often readyng therof, I thought it beſt ſomethyng to trauayle in the engliſhyng of ſo famous an author, whereby the common ſort beyng ygnorant in the Latin myght receyue ſome profyte, and the longe conſumed labours of paynefull Palingen myght be ſubiect to the vnderſtandynge of the vnlearned people. I began this woorke a yere now paſſed, but through ꝑ great diſpayre of my ſelfe I gaue it ouer tyll the .xii. of December laſt, at which time beyng therunto moued, by the perſwa-

ſions

sions of diuers of my frendes, (namely my cosine Hartwood, my vncle Pantel and learned Maister Bale,) I tooke the matter new in hande, and haue thus fynished these three bookes, no lesse rashly then rudely. The which my labours, yf I shall perceaue to be thankfully taken, I doe entende (God willyng) to fynysh the rest, as shortlye as I maye. In whiche doyng I truste I shall doe no lesse profyte to my countrey, then seruice to god. In the meane time, these as the first frutes of my study, I wholy dedicate to your good Ladishyp, not as a recompence for youre manyfolde benefite, but rather as a sygne of my vnfayned good will, and bounden duety, that I owe vnto your Ladishippe: desyringe you to accepte it as I haue mente it.

And thus committyng youre Ladishyp, with all youres, to the tuicion of the moste mercifull God, I ende. From Staple Inne at London the eighte and twenty of marche.

¶CLARISSIMIS SIMULAC MUSARUM STUDIOSISSIMIS GUL. CROMERO: TH: HOMUNDO: RA. HEIMUNDO. ARMIGERIS, BARNABAS GOGAUS, ALUINGHAMUS. S. D.

IAndem aliquãdo (viri ornatiſſimi) cum totius animi mei ſolicitudine, curiſq; liberatus eſſem: hanc quidem graucm (minime tamen iniucundam) induſtriam, tanquam cuinculo quodam, & carcere euolare paſſus ſum. Adeo tamen me multa ſuſpenſum, diu ac ſolicitum tenuere, vt niſi veſtrum omnium coniunctа, ac copulata interuenſſet benuolentia has dudum meas ſuſceptas lucubrationes ſimpliciter tenebris conſeraſſem. Nemo etenim hactenus adeo cultũ, ac limatũ orationis genus edidit: Q. uod non aſicophantis, & Zoilis quaſi veneſico, & theonino dente arodebatur Illud iudicant. D. H. Hawardum omnium huius ſeculi longe preſtãtiſſimum, & homaq wiatti militis haud obſcuri exceſſ. & pene diuina opera. Illud culta, & inſignia

ſignia Pheri, Baldwini, virique, Herwodi, cæterorumq; multorũ admiranda ingenia. Quorum quidem conatus adeo nonnullis moleſtiſuere, vt potius iuueniles animos ab hoc ſcribendi genere deterrere, quàm excitare viderentur. Anglia etenim (dolendum magis) quemadmodum multos tum ingenij gloria, ac ſplendore tum eruditionis mira felicitate claros genuit. Sic etiam & multo plures zoilorum, & momorum inuitatores nutrimit. Quà igitur ego ratione (ſplendidiſſimi viri) in tã fœcunda, preſertim & fertili talium virorum regione improborum hominum conuitia euitare poſſum? Scio etenim nonnullos (ſic ſunt mores hominum) Apellis, parhaſij, policletiq; deriſores futuros omniaq; vltra crepidam (vt aiunt) diiudicaturos. Vos igitur clariſſimi viri, ſimulac chariſſimi cognati) quo maior accederet his meis conatibus authoritas, & robur harum lucubrationũ patronos eſſe volo. Vtq; ſæpe noſtri amantiſſimi fuiſtis, ſic deinceps, & in poſterũ, nos noſtraq; opera ab inuidorum (quantum poteſtis) morſibus tuemini. Quod ſi feceritis me meaſq; omnes vobis veſtriſiq; conſtrictos reddetis, & veſtra cæterorũq; omniũ lenitas, ac mitiſſima cõſuetudo ad cætera deſcribenda paratiorem faciet.

Valete ex muſeo noſtro. Decimo Martii Anno Chriſti. 1560. ætatis noſtræ. xx.

IN MA. PALINGENII conuerſionem carmen.

Gl: Duke.

Bellorum, vt, ſæuam rabiē depellimus armis:
Armatoq, minus gladij, vel tela nocebunt.
Ramis, vt, volucres deuitant grādinis imbrē,
Nec non ventoſos nimbos, gelidasq, procellas.
Ardens, vt, frigus depulſat triſteq. flamma.
Blanda fugant rapidos, & cæcos verba furores
Aureus, vt, Phœbus tenebras detrudit inanes.
Sic, decus eloquij liuorem pellit acerbum.
Cogæus, a Muſis, validum munimem habebit.
Omnigenis herbis, vt, ver depingit agellos.
Gratū, ver, opus hoc, ſic Muſis ſacrat & ornat
Fece ſilet mordax tua (zoile) lingua, nec iſtum
Veris, dente poteſt, florem, vitiare canino.
Sit ſtigij flammis acris tua lingua ſepulta.

When as Syr Phebe with backward course.
the horned mone had caught,
And had the place frō whence he turnes
his lothie face out sought:
Amyd the entraunce of the grades.
of Capricorne he stode,
And distante far from him away
was Marce with fiery mode,
Ye lacke thaspecte of mightie Ioue
and Venus pleasaunt loke
with beames he could not broyle frō hie
for heate his Globe forsoke.
Olde Saturne then aloft dyd lye,
with rustey ryueled face:
And with a backward course he ranne
from owte the twinnes apace,
And towardes the Bull he gan to dryue
intending theare to reste,
Hys croked crabbed cankerd lymmes
in lonely Venus neste.
With frosen face aboute he loked
and byde deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent
in euerye Coste that blewe.
Who spoylde the pleasant trees of leafe
byreft the grounde of greene,

That

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Vendicat et celebrat Gogæa clara domus

woorſhipfull and his eſ-
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ſheth long lyfe and
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ſure of God.

Vayinge with my ſelfe the vertuous ſtyle and godlye ſence of this Poete ryghte woorſhippefull Baddam, and beyng greatly beyghted with the often readyng therof, I thought it beſt ſomethyng to trauayle in the englishyng of ſo famous an author, whereby the common ſort beyng ygnorant in the Latin myght receyue ſome profyte, and the longe conſumed labours of paynefull Palingen myght be ſubiect to the vnderſtandynge of the vnlearned people. I began this woorke a yere now paſſed, but through ꝑ great diſpayre of my ſelfe I gaue it ouer tyll the. xi. of December laſt, at which time beyng therunto moued, by the perſwa-

ſions

ſions of diuers of my frendes, (namely my coſine Hauntwood, my vncle Pantel and learned Maiſter Bale,) I tooke the matter new in hande, and haue thus fi-niſhed theſe three bookes, no leſſe raſh-ly then rudely. The which my labours, yf I ſhall perceaue to be thankfully ta-ken, I doe entende (God willyng) to fy-niſh the reſt, as ſhortlye as I maye. In whiche doyng I truſte I ſhall doe no leſſe profyte to my countrey, then ſer-uice to god. In the meane time, theſe as the firſt frutes of my ſtudy, I wholy de-dicate to your good Ladiſhip, not as a recompence for youre manyfolde bene-fite, but rather as a ſygne of my vnfay-ned good will, and bounden duety, that I owe vnto your Ladiſhippe: deſyringe you to accepte it as I haue ment it. And thus committyng youre Ladi-ſhip, with all youres, to the tui-cion of the moſte mercifull God, I ende. From Ta-ple Inne at London the eighte and twenty of marche.

¶CLARISSIMIS SImulac Muſarum Studioſiſſimis Guli. Cromero: Th: Homundo: Ra. Heimundo. Armigeris, Barnabas Gogæus, Aluingh amus. S. D.

Andem aliquãdo (viri ornatiſſimi) cum totius animi mei ſolicitudine, curiſq; liberatus eſſem: hanc quidem grauem (minime tamen iucundam) induſtriam, tanquam euinculo quodam, & carcere euolare paſſus ſum. Adeo tamen me multa ſuſpenſum, diuq; ſolicitum tenuere, vt niſi veſtrum omnium coniunctæ, ac copulata intercurriſſet benevolentia has diudum meas ſuſceptas lucubrationes ſine literis tenebris conſecraſſem. Nemo etenim hactenus adeo cultũ, ac limatæ orationis genus edidit: Q. non modo non aſicophantis, & Zoilis quaſi veneficis, & theonino dente arodebatur. Illud indicant. D. H. Hawardi viri omnium huius ſeculi longe prestãtiſſimi hominis, quæ multis haud obſcuri exciſi. & pene diuina opera. Illud culta, & inſignia

ſignia Pharis, Baldwini, virique, Herwodi, cæterorumq; multorũ admiranda ingenia. Q uorum quidem conatus adeo nonnullis moleſtiſuere, vt potius ſuueniles animos ab hoc ſcribendi genere deterrere, quàexcitare viderentur. Anglia etenim (dolendum magis) quemadmodum multos tum ingenij gloria, ac ſplendore tum eruditionis mira felicitate claros genuit. Sic etiam & multo plures zoilorum, & momorum imitatores nutrivit. Q ua igitur egoratione (ſplendidiſſimi viri) in tã ſæcunda, preſertim & fertilitalium virorum regione improborum hominum conuitia euitare poſſum? Scio etenim nonnullos (ſic ſunt mores hominum) Apellis, parhaſij, policleti, deriſores futuros omnia, vltra crepidam (vt aiunt) diiudicaturos. Vos igitur clariſſimi viri, ſimulac chariſſimi cognati) quo maior accederet his meis conatibus authoritas, & robur harum lucubrationũ patronos eſſe volo. Vtq. ſæpe noſtri amantiſſimi fuiſtis, ſic deinceps, & in poſterũ, nos noſtraq; opera ab inuidorum (quantum poteſtis) morſibus tuemini. Q uod ſi feceritis me meaſq; omnes vobis veſtriſq; conſtrictos reddetis, & virtutis æterniq; omniũ lenitas, ac mollitiſſima cõſuetudo ad cætera deſcribenda paratiorem faciet.

Valete ex muſeo noſtro. Decimo Martii Anno Chriſti. 1560. ætatis noſtræ. xx.

IN MA. PA LINGENII conuerſionem carmen.

Gl: Duke.

Bellorum, vt, ſæuam rabiē depellimus armis:
Armatoq́, minus gladij, vel tela nocebunt.
Ramis, vt, volucres deuitant grādinis imbrē,
Nec non ventoſos nimbos, gelidasq́, procellas.
Ardens, vt, frigus depulſat triſteq. flamma.
Blanda fugant rapidos, & cæcos verba furores
Aureus, vt, Phœbus tenebras detrudit inanes.
Sic, decus eloquij liuorem pellit acerbum.
Cogæus, a Muſis, validum munimem habebit,
Omnigenis herbis, vt, ver depingit agellos.
Gratũ, ver, opus hoc, ſic Muſis ſacrat & ornat
Fœce ſilet mordax tua (zoile) lingua, nec iſtum
Veris, dente poteſt, florem, vitiare canino.
Sit ſtigij flammis acris tua lingua ſepulta.

When as fyr Phebe with backward courſe.
the horned gote had caught,
And had the place frō whence he tutnes
his loftie face out ſought:
Amyd the entraunce of the grades.
of Capricorne he ſtode,
And diſtante far from him away
was Marce with fiery mode,
Ye lacked thaſpecte of mightie Ioue
and Venus pleaſaunt loke
with beames he could not broyle frō hic
for heate his Globe forſoke.
Olde Saturne then aloft dyd lye,
with ruſtey ryueled face:
And with a backward courſe he ranne
from out the twinnes apace,
And towardes the Bull he gan to dryue
intending theare to reſte,
Hys croked crabbed cankerd lymmes
in louely Venus neſte.
With froſen face aboute he loked
and byle deformed hewe,
And downe the boyſterous Eoreas ſent
in euerye Coſte that blewe.
Who ſpoyde the pleaſant trees of leafe
byreft the grounde of greue,

That

Thus lyfe in ſpringyng ſyrrys or pleſes
myght no where more be ſene:
The lyuely ſappe forſoke the boughs
and drape the rote it helde
And ſpoylyng fruites the ſlakey ſnowes
on tender bowes they dwelde.
Whe down amongſt my bokes I ſate
and cloſe I crouched for colde,
Fayre Ladyes nyne with ſtately ſteps
alooſe I might beholde,
In Nantels gyrte of comley grace
and bookes in hande they bare,
With Laurell leafe their heades were
a ſyght to me but rare. (crowned
I ſawe them come and vp I roſe,
as dewty moued to meete
Theſe learned Nimphes, & down I fall
before their comely feete.
With roſey lyppes and ſhynyng face
and Melpomen her name,
This Ladie firſt began to ſpeake,
and thus her wordes to fraime.
Stande vp yong mā quothe ſhe diſpatch
and take thy pen in hande,
Write thou the Ciuile warres & broyle
in auncient Latines lande.
Reduce to Engliſhe ſence ſhe ſaid,

the

the laſtie Lucanes verſe
The cruell chaunce and dolfull ende
of Ceſars ſtate rehearſe.
Madam (quothe Uranye) with that,
in thus you doe me wrongs
To moue my man to ſerue your turne
that hath profeſde ſo longe,
And bowed his yeares with me to ſtrue
in ſecrete motions bye,
To beate his brayne in ſercheyng forth
the rowlinges of the ſkye.
Nay rather take in hande quod ſhe,
(And on me full ſhe lookes)
With Engliſhe ryme to bryng to light
Aratus worthey bookes.
Deſcribe the whirlyng ſpheares aboue
and mouynges euery one,
How forced aboute from Eaſt to Weſte
from Weſt to Eaſt that gone.
Aratus verſe wyll ſhewe the playne
howe Circles all they runne,
How glides yͤ courſe thorow croked line
of Phebe the ſhyning Sunne.
Where as the fired Poles doe ſtaye,
and where the ſnake doth crepe,
In heauens bye, amyd the northe
where Beares their courſe doe kepe

By

By this (quod she) thou shalt receyue
immortall fame at last,
Muche more thē if thou shouldst declare
those bloudy bankets past.
These wordes declarde with pleasante voyce
this Lady helde her peace,
And forth before them all I saw
the loueliest Lady preese:
Of stature tal, and Venus face,
she semde me thought to haue,
And Calliope she called was
with verse that writes so graue.
Sisters quod she and Ladies all
of Ioue his mighty line,
To whom no arte doth lye vnhyd
that heare we may deryne:
Chiefe patrons of the Poets poze,
and aiders of their verse,
Without whose help their simple heds
would nothyng well rehearse,
I am become a suter here
to you my Ladyes all,
For hym that heare before you standes
as vnto learnyng thrall.
A Poet late I had whose pen,
did trede the crabbed wayes,
Of vertuous lyfe, declaryng how,

that

that men ſhould ſpend their daies.
In romyſh lande he liued longe,
and Palingen his name
It was. Wherby he got hym ſelfe
an euerlaſtyng fame
Of them that learned be. But all
the ſtrange and vnkut ſpyte
he lyues vnkindenes and lackes therby
his taſte and right repoyte.
Wherfore my ſute is to you all
graunt me this nyght a while,
That ſtandeth heare that he may ſeme
my Poetes ſtately ſtyle,
To Vulgar ſpeche in natiue tounge
that all may vnderſtande,
To this they all agreed and ſayd
take them that wo3che in hande.
Amazed then I anſwered thus
good Ladies al (quoth I)
Whoſe Clientes fame, for euer ſpred
and Name can neuer dye.
Returne your ſentence late pronounced
call backe your wo3des againe,
And let not me take that in hand
that I can not attayne.
In England here a hundred heades
maye able now therebe,

Thys

Thys fame to doe: then chose the beste
and let the worste go free.
Best you doe so then that my berte
receaue immortall shame,
When I shall paye the price of paynes
with hasarde of my name.
With this thei all began to frowne
and wholy with one voice,
Take thou this fame in hande thei crie
thou hast none other choyse.
And fast away from me thei flyng,
as halfe in angrye moode.
They left me thus in woefull case:
whereas a while I stoode,
And musde what I best might do,
at last my pen I tooke
Commaunded thus to engiythe heare,
this famous Poets booke.
Now since that I haue thus begunne,
you (learned) I requyre
With your dispayse or great dysdaine
quenche not this kyndled fyre:
But geue me rather cause to ende,
this worke so late begonne,
So shall I thinke and well bestowde,
my paynes when all is done.

The

¶ The Poet to the reader.

Who lykes to shun ꝯ shattringe
of mighty Momus mast,
Must not stirre ꝯ stagred seas,
where muses anoure cast.
For Momus there doth ryde at ancre
with scornefull tonges ystrayght:
With cãcred cracks of wrathful words
he kepes the passage straught.
That none without disdaine may passe
where muses naute lies,
But straight on thẽ with prefull mode,
the scornefull God he flyes.
Since none may scape, I am not he,
that can my selfe assure:
Through surgyng seas of depe disdayn
my passage to procure.
But am content for to receaue
reproche at Momus hande:
Syth none there is, that may the nose
of Rhynocere withstande.
The learned wyttes I heare requyre
with rygour not to iudge
The common sort I nought estieme
vnskilfull though they grudge.

For

Nor fewe of them can holde their peace
but fynd themselues a doe,
Imbewing woorkes as he that sought,
to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish yᵗ that they would
contented to remayn,
And beare the weakines of my wyt,
and not therat disdayne.

My mind with fury fierce inflamde
of late I know not how:
Doth burn Parnassus hilles to se,
adournde with laurel bow.
The campes so cleare of Castaly,
where muses swete doe sing:
The towne Cirrha doth me delight,
and trees that euer spring.
What darknes oh shal I now flie,
to me appeareth plain:
The blissefull beames of Cous bright,
the date returnes againe.
O darkenes fade thy way frō hence,
hide thou thy selfe in hell:
The loue of muse and hie Jehoue,
doth both within me dwell.
And vertue doth not labour feare,
the wate though harde it be:
O Phebus father Poets helpe,
disclose the doubtes to me.
With Aganippes holesome foode,
replenish thou my dayes:
Thy temple eke to come vnto,
do thou direct my waies.
Defende me from the common sorte,
that seke me to dispraise:
Not worse vnliked nowe shal I be,

pf that thou wilt me bleſſe:
That I thy prayſe vnknewne and new,
my ſelfe to labour dreſſe.
Thou liftſt men from baſe eſtate,
to honours them to call:
Without thy grace, the wit of man,
would periſh ſoone and fal.
His voice all would warr ful hoarſe,
nothing would ſweetly ſounde:
All ſweete and pleaſaunt melodie,
would fall vnto the grounde.
And if thou wilt me fauour nowe,
I will aſcende the ſkies:
And there thy hie and godly workes,
contemplate with mine eyes.
Oh fauoure me, thou Phebus hye,
take thou from ground away:
Thy Poete proſtrate heare on earth,
if that by fates I maie.
And you O Nimphes of Caſtaly,
if with vnfained harte:
I haue approcht youre learned doores,
if eyther filthy arte,
Could not withdraw my youthful yeres
from honoring of your name:
Or filthy lad of beaſtlines
coulde euer me defame.

Then

Then let my fame goe flie abrode,
leſt that vnworthelye:
I ſhalbe after thought to liue,
and ſo my name ſhall dye.
For hope of glory and renoume,
a name for to obtaine:
Hath cauſed men in vertuouſnes,
to take both care and payne.
And thou, O famous worthy prince
that Hercule haſt to name:
Amonges the doughty Italian Dukes,
of moſt renoumed fame.
And of the hye Oſtenſian bloud,
the chiefe illuſter floure:
Whom Pallas in Pernaſus caues,
hath nourſht euery houre.
Whom Muſes nyne with ſacred mylke
from tender yeares haue fedde:
Whereby a fame they hope to haue,
that neuer ſhalbe dedde.
Of Cyrrha ske the laurell trees,
ſhall ſpring they truſt agayne:
Though Mars doth let in ſpite of them
and ſeketh to retayne,
Your noble heart into his tentes
by all the meanes he may:
In tentes where honours you ſhal haue

that neuer ſhall decay.
Wheras your armes as right requires
ſhall rightly decked be:
With triumphes due to ſuche a Prince
of luſty laurell tree.
Drawe nere and with a ioyful face,
thy Poete looke vpon:
Willing to trede vnproued pathes
that haue not yet bene gon.
And graunt thy fauour to a wight,
that now abaſed is:
So maie Ferrarra ſee thee long,
in perfit ioy and blis.
Till after this thy ioyfull life,
a long and happy time:
Departing from the earth, thou ſhalte
the ſtarry heauens clime.
And if my fatall peres be long,
in time ſhall come the daie:
When as your grace & worthie dedes,
I ſhall at large diſplaie.
When Indie aye with tarteſſe brinkes
thy name ſhall cauſe to ſounde:
Thy fame ſhall flie in euery place,
of Iuperborees ground.
In vtter partes of Affricke too,
you ſhalbe knowne by me:

Then

Then I with greater rage of muſe
encoraged ſhalbe.
And ſhall declare vnto all men,
howe that you doe embrace:
Juſtice, and eke what godlines,
and faith is in your grace.
What counſaile dothe in you abounde,
what valeaunt worthy powre:
How liberal with gentlenes,
you are at euery houre.
By me ſhall alſo wonders muche,
the world in euery place:
To ſee what wit and maners milde,
conſiſteth in your grace.
But now the thinges that I you gaue,
receiue with gentle hart:
And take my preſent doinges heare,
awhile as in good part.
My minde deſireth fore to write,
of muche and diuers thinges:
And not alwaies to ſtay at one,
but as the ſpirite me bringes.
I go now here, now there, I ſwim
amid the waters depe:
Sometime I toſſe the boiſteous waues,
ſometime to ſhore I creepe.
And though ſometimes by reaſons rule

I ſhall aſſay to finde:
The ſecrete wayes by nature hyd,
and byring them vnto myndc.
Thoſe thynges yet wyl I folowe moſt,
whereby a profyte ſhall:
Aryſe, and adde a holy life,
to men that be mortall.
Alyfe alas now banyſht cleane,
yf I the trueth may ſay:
In this our age then which a worſe,
was neuer ſeen the daye.
Such thynges, I ſay, that ſhall expell,
the vyces of the myndc:
A thyng that more the Pules fyttes,
than this I cannot fyndc.
This makes a man for to be ſounde,
of wyt both prompt and fyne:
Although by nature he be dull,
and doe from wit decline.
Vngodly, and neglecting right,
that whoredome doth not ſpare:
Or on whom earthlye auarice,
hath cauſed for to care.
Or he whom enuy in his harte,
doth euermore poſſeſſe:
Vnconſtant, or a lying man,
or takes in drynke exceſſe.

In

In fyne what euer vice he hath,
by this he may forſake:
The hurtfull harmes of peruers mynde
a godly life to take.
This worthye men doth cauſe to be,
and fyt for honours hye: (realme
Which to themſelues their houſe and
can counſell prudently,
And vnto doubtfull thynges they can
bryng preſent remedye.
So muche the face of beauty fayre,
ought not eſteméde to be:
The pleaſant eyes with flyenyng lockes
eche parte of royall ble.
As maners wel compoſed and
a pure and honeſt mynd:
Wher vertue beares ſo great a ſtroke
that vice is harde to fynde.
Doth not the righteous man or he,
that vertues muche doth loue:
Lyue all in myrth and hopes for helpe,
of onely god aboue.
Ne nothing cares whē wiſpring words
be cloſely ſpoke in eare:
When iudge ayrkyng doth for hym call,
his hart doth nothing feare.
Contrarywyſe the wicked man,

defaunce feares to be:
And when the lightnings thũder rores,
than giltie trembleth he.
If men doe chaunce in cares to rounde,
or whisper whan they walke:
Alas then cries he to himselfe,
of me these men doe talke.
What shall I do the iudge or king
doth call and shall I goe?
Or rather flie the perils great,
of wretched life now loe.
The fired loue of God doth feare
the wicked men torment:
And though sometime the euil man,
to mirth doe seme as bent.
As Strongyles amid the seas,
yet doth he baile within:
Or Aetna when his flaming partes,
Pyracmon doth begyn.
But were it better to declare,
with thousande shippes assayde:
The cursed chance of Pergamus,
that foolishly bewayde.
The periurde faith of Simons dede,
or els Ogyges towne:
Which by the cruell clause of warre,
was raced cleane adowne.

Or

Or ſhal I praiſe as Poets wont
ſome man with forged lies:
And iudge a colour faire to be,
contrary to mine eyes.
Or wer it better beare to fayne,
howe Dedalus did flie:
The woful hap of Icarus,
that fell out of the Skie.
The bodies oft tranſformed aye,
of gods and eke of men:
And ſo delude the pole eares,
with trifles of my pen.
Or had I better to declare,
the wanton toyes of youth:
And ſlaunder gods with prophane actes
whiche is a greater ruthe.
For what do theſe our franticke heades
now feare at any houre:
The gods we ſaie with lecherous luſte,
both boyes and maides deflloure.
A whore in heauens hie to be,
a lechour too thei ſay:
O ſhame is this a godlines,
or right to vſe ſuche way.
Are theſe the thankes we owe to god,
be theſe our odours ſwete:
Be theſe the ductes that we owe,

Forsewe of them can holde their peace
but fynd themselues a doe,
Ieweing woorkes as he that sought,
to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish yf that they would
contended to remayn,
And beare the weakenes of my wyt,
and not therat disdayne.

My mind with fury fierce inflamde
of late I know not how:
Doth burn Pernaſus hilles to ſe,
adournde with laurel bow.
The campes ſo cleare of Caſtaly,
where muſes ſwete doe ſing:
The towne Cirrha doth me delight,
and trees that euer ſpring.
What darknes oh ſhal I now flie,
to me appeareth plain:
The bleſſefull beames of Cous bright,
the date returnes againe.
O darkenes fade thy way frō hence,
hide thou thy ſelfe in hell:
The loue of muſe and hie Jehoue,
doth both within me dwell.
And vertue doth not labour feare,
the waie though harde it be:
O Phebus father Poets helpe,
diſcloſe the doubtes to me.
With Aganippes holeſome foode,
repleniſh thou my dayes:
Thy temple eke to come vnto,
do thou direct my waies.
Defende me from the common ſorte,
that ſeke me to diſpraiſe:
Not worſe vnliked nowe ſhal I be,

of that thou wilt me bleſſe:
That I thy praiſe vnknowne and new,
my ſelfe to labour dreſſe.
Thou liftſt men from baſe eſtate,
to honours them to call:
Without thy grace, the wit of man,
would periſh ſoone and fal.
His voice all would warefull horſe,
nothing would ſweetly ſounde:
All ſweete and pleaſaunt melodie,
would fall vnto the grounde.
And if thou wilt me fauour nowe,
I will aſcende the ſkies:
And there thy hie and godly workes,
contemplate with mine eyes.
Oh fauoure me, thou Phebus hye,
take thou from ground away:
Thy Poete proſtrate heare on earth,
if that by fates I mate.
And you O Nimphes of Caſtaly,
if with vnfained harte:
I haue approcht youre learned dores,
if eyther filthy arte,
Could not withdraw my youthful yeres
from honoring of your name:
Or filthy lad of beaſtlines
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Then let my fame goe flie abrode,
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For hope of glory and renoume,
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Hath cauſed men in vertuouſnes,
to take both care and payne.
And thou, O famous worthy prince
that Hercule haſt to name:
Amonges the doughty Italian Dukes,
of moſt renoumed fame.
And of the hye Eſtenſian bloud,
the chiefilluſter floure:
Whom Pallas in Pernaſus caues,
hath nouriſht euery houre.
Whom Muſes nyne with ſacred mylke
from tender yeares haue fedde:
Whereby a fame they hope to haue,
that neuer ſhalbe dedde.
Of Cyrrha ske the laurell trees,
ſhall ſpring they truſt agayne:
Though Mars doth let in ſpite of them
and ſeketh to retayne,
Your noble heart into his tentes
by all the meanes he may:
In tentes where honours you ſhal haue

that neuer ſhall decay.
Wheras your armes as right requires
ſhall rightly decked be:
With triumphes due to ſuche a Prince
of luſty laurell tree.
Drawe nere and with a ioyful face,
thy Poete looke vpon:
Willing to trede vnproued pathes
that haue not yet bene gon.
And graunt thy fauour to a wight,
that now abaſed is:
So maie Ferrarra ſee thee long,
in perfit ioy and blis.
Till after this thy ioyfull life,
a long and happy time:
Departing from the earth, thou ſhalte
the ſtarry heauens clime.
And if my fatall yeres be long,
in time ſhall come the daie:
When as your grace & worthie deedes,
I ſhall at large diſplaie.
When Indie aye with tarteſſe brinkes
thy name ſhall cauſe to ſounde:
Thy fame ſhall flie in euery place,
of Hiperbores ground.
In vtter partes of Affricke too,
you ſhalbe knowne by me:

Then

Then I with greater rage of muſe
encoraged ſhalbe.
And ſhall declare vnto all men,
howe that you doe embrace:
Juſtice, and eke what godlines,
and faith is in your grace.
What counſaile dothe in you abounde,
what valeaunt worthy powre:
How liberal with gentlenes,
you are at euery houre.
By me ſhall alſo wonders muche,
the world in euery place:
To ſee what wit and maners milde,
conſiſteth in your grace.
But now the thinges that I you gaue,
receiue with gentle hart:
And take my preſent doinges heare,
awhile as in good part.
My minde deſireth ſore to write,
of muche and diuers thinges:
And not alwaies to ſtay at one,
but as the ſpirite me bringes.
I go now here, now there, I ſwim
amid the waters depe:
Sometime I toſſe the boiſterous waues,
ſometime to ſhore I creepe.
And though ſometimes by reaſons rule

I ſhall aſſay to finde:
The ſecrete wayes by nature hyd,
and byring them vnto myndc.
Thoſe thynges yet wyl I folowe moſt,
whereby a profyte ſhall:
Aryſe, and adde a holy life,
to men that be mortall.
Aryſe alas now banyſht cleane,
yf I the trueth may ſay:
In this our age then which a worſe,
was neuer ſeen the daye.
Such thynges, I ſay, that ſhall expell,
the vyces of the mynde:
A thyng that more the Pulſes fyttes,
than this I cannot fynde.
This makes a man for to be ſounde,
of wyt both prompt and fyne:
Although by nature he be dull,
and doe from wit decline.
Ungodly, and neglecting right,
that Whoredome doth not ſpare:
Or on whom earthlye auarice,
hath cauſed for to care.
Or he whom enuy in his harte,
doth euermore poſſeſſe:
Unconſtant, or a lying man,
or takes in drynke exceſſe.

In

In fyne what euer vice he hath,
by this he may forſake:
The hurtfull harmes of peruers mynde
a godly life to take.
This worthye man doth cauſe to be,
and fyt for honours hye: (realme
Which to themſelues their houſe and
can counſell prudently,
And vnto doubtfull thynges they can
bryng preſent remedye.
So muche the face of beauty fayre,
ought not eſteme to be:
The pleaſant eyes with ſhynyng lockes
ethe parte of royall ble.
As maners wel compoſed and
a pure and honeſt mynd:
Wher vertue beares ſo great a ſtroke
that vice is harde to fynde.
Doth not the righteous man or he,
that vertues muche doth loue:
Lyue all in myrth and hopes for helpe,
of onely god aboue.
Ye nothing cares whē wiſpring words
be cloſely ſpoke in eare:
When iudge or kyng doth for hym call,
his hart doth nothing feare.
Contrarywyſe the wicked man,

deſamed feares to be:
And when the lightnings thũder rores,
than giltie trembleth he.
If men doe chaunce in cares to rounde,
or whiſper whan they walke:
Alas then cries he to himſelfe,
of me theſe men doe talke.
What ſhall I do the iudge or king
doth call and ſhall I goe?
Or rather flie the perils great,
of wretched life now loe.
Thy fired loue of God doth feare
the wicked men torment:
And though ſometime the euil man,
to mirth doe ſeme as bent.
As Strongyles amid the Seas,
yet doth he baile within:
Or Atna when his flaming partes,
Pyracmon doth begyn.
But were it better to declare,
with thouſande ſhippes aſſayde:
The curſed chance of Pergamus,
that fooliſhly bewayde.
The periurde faith of Simons bede,
or els Ogyges towne:
Which by the cruell clauſe of warre,
was raced cleane adowne.

Or

Or ſhal I praiſe as Poets wont
ſome man with forged lies:
And iudge a colour faire to be,
contrary to mine eyes.
Or wer it better heare to fayne,
howe Dedalus did flie:
The woful hap of Icarus,
that fell out of the Skie.
The bodies oft transformed aye,
of gods and eke of men:
And ſo deiude the vile cares,
with trifles of my pen.
Or had I better to declare,
the wanton toyes of youth:
And ſlaunder gods with prophane actes
whiche is a greater ruthe.
For what do theſe our franticke heades
now feare at any houre:
The gods we ſaie with lecherous luſte,
both boyes and maides deflloure.
A whore in heauens hie to be,
a lechour too thei ſay:
O ſhame is this a godlines,
or right to vſe ſuche way.
Are theſe the thankes we owe to god,
be theſe our odours ſwete:
Be theſe the ductes that we owe,

or prayses for hym mete.
What thyng wyll now the wit of man,
forbeare to fayne or lye:
By meanes wherof they may obtayne,
in synne a libertie.
Of writers bayne both lewde and yll,
O rude unruly route:
You nede to take Elleborus,
to purge your humours out.
To you I speake that others harme
whose tonges dooe spare no man:
If lightnyng should you all consume,
what meruayle were it than.
Shew me the cause, both night and day
why doe you take suche payn:
Is it but onely for your selues,
why then no prayse you gayne.
For he that onely priuate welthe,
regardeth alwayes styll:
And laughes to scorne an others harme
whylst he enioyes his wyll.
A Sauage beast be right deserte,
deserueth calde to bee:
And not a man for to be namde,
for so to write out we.
That men may get some good thereby,
and not complayne to spende:

Theis

Their tyme in trifyng trickes and toies
that haue no certayne ende.
And firſt ought to be knowen that we,
doe good in three deuide:
In pleaſure and vtilitie,
and honeſtie chief beſyde.
Some one of theſe or greater part,
maie Poetes alwaye vſe:
So that the bondes of honeſtye,
to breake they doe refuſe.
But O what titles and what crowne,
dyd he deſerue to haue:
Which thinges not only vayn & nought
good fruite that neuer gaue.
But wrote ſuch thiges as might corrupt
the lyfe of any man:
And make hym worſer ten to one,
then when he firſt began.
He left behynde hym monumentes,
of wanton wicked wayes:
And left ſuche foolyſhe dotyng thynges,
to men of latter dayes.
O lorde how muche doth wantō wordes
to wicked life entice:
And with a feruent poyſon greate,
doth drawe men vnto vice.
From eares a wanton wicked woyce,

dare

dare perce the ſecrete thought:
And vnto miſchiefe moue thereby,
the members bent to nought.
A noble man ſuche thynges delight,
ſome man perhappes wyl ſay:
Who in his houſe a luſtie route,
dothe kepe in riche araye.
Whom for to feare exceſſiue goodes,
compelles a man thereto:
With any parte of worthy wit,
who neuer had to doe.
What then may theſe be ſuffred tho,
or prayſde, becauſe thei plaſe
The ryche, or els the noble men,
that alwaies liues in eaſe.
Not ſo, for what a ſort there be
of tooleyd Aſſes clothed
In golde and ſilke and purple fayre:
to all men is not ſhewed.
Therebe therebe ful many now,
whom pearls haue puft with pride:
And whom the Aſians haue beſet,
with ſilke on euery ſyde.
Whoſe fingers faire vp rynges of golde
be daſht and deckt about:
With precious ſtones & pearles of price
that India ſendeth out.

Thoſe

Thoſe men a man would almoſt ſweare
that Plato they excell:
Or Socrates who Phebus iudge,
of wiſedome bare the bell.
And yet theſe princelye painted walles
doe nought within containe:
A blather full inplete with wynde,
thei maie be termed plaine. (ſprings
Where fortune fawnes, their pleaſure
and pleaſure bringeth foly:
And ſo the life of reaſons rule,
is darkned vtterly.
Whereby it happes that ſeldom wyſe,
theſe children chaunce to be:
To ſuffer payn for vertues ſake,
who wyll, if ſo be he.
Haue no rewarde, rewarde who ſekes,
but he whom nede conſtrayns:
The riche man folowes ioyful thynges,
and liueth voyde of paynes.
He hates the prickyng thornie wayes,
the cliffes both sharpe and sowre:
By whiche we doe aſſay to clime,
To Ladye learninges towre.
I cannot staye my ſelfe as nowe,
when anger comes vpon:
But nedes I muſte defye both verſe,

and

and Poetes al as one.
When hopes I ſee declyne to nought,
whom maiſters doe embrew:
With verſes filthy to be namde,
whiche moſt they ſhould eſchew.
Their firſt poſſeſſed ſhamefaſtnes,
to ſee them cleane forſake:
And eke howe apt and prone they be
a naughty waye to take.
And foſter miſchief ſo in youth,
that it maye alwayes dwell:
In them, whereby thei may prepare,
in age awaye to hell.
But yet it dothe me good to ſee,
how hopyng all for prayſe:
Thei get themſelues immortall ſhame,
that neuer more decayes.
For who will iudge them voyde of vice,
or that thei liude not ſo:
As they them ſelues dyd geue preceptes
to others for to goe.
The talke it ſelfe doth well declare,
the nature of the mynde:
And euery man doth moſt frequent
thynges proper to his kynde.
Of oxen rake and cultare ſharpe
the plowmans tonge dothe walke,

Of

Of ſayle and Cabull maſte and Oze,
is all the Seamans talke.
Of horſe & harnes, ſpeare and ſhyelde,
the Captayne ſtyll wyll boſte:
So bawdy mates of bawdy thynges,
theyr tonges doos clatter moſt.
I warne you fyrſt aboue the reſt,
of youth that takes the cure:
Whoſe partes it is the tender myndes,
of boyes for to allure,
To vertue and to godlines,
lyke ware doe them prepare,
Hate you the wicked workes of thoſe,
for greater matters care.
Read not ſuch thynges as are but vayne
vnworthy to be tolde:
But teach the worthy hiſtories,
of auncient fathers olde,
Wherein let children nouſled be,
let theſe be borne away:
Hereof may ſpryngc a godly fruite,
dyrect theyr lyfe that maye.
Thei ſhew what things we ſolow ſhuld
and what we ſhould reiect:
And fables all among the reſt
we maye not well neglect.
For oftentymes a Comedie,

maye

maye holeſome doctrine bring:
And moniſh men by pleaſant wordes,
to leaue ſome naughty thyng.
There be I graunt, ſome Poets workes
not altogether vayne:
Whiche with a pleaſant ſugred ſtyle,
procede from ſober brayne.
Theſe things do help and voide of vice,
theſe workes doe profit much:
In youth bringe vp your ſcholers wyth
none other foode but ſuche.
And when their youth and tender age,
thei once haue paſſed oute:
Then maye they ſafely voide of harme,
goe range the fieldes about.
And gather flowres wher thei liſt,
for daunger is awaie:
But now a whyle for to diſcuſſe,
I thinke it beſt aſſay.
Of whiche of theſe is needefull moſt,
or moſt to be eſteemed:
The man that good and honeſt is,
or he that well is learned.
The good or els the lerned man,
of two, whiche is the beſt:
Learning is hie, becomes the meke,
and doth the proude infeſt.

It

It doth refuſe the bellye gods,
and ſuche as ſlepe hath traynde:
Without long time and labour great,
it will not be obtainde.
This Cities rules and moueth Mars,
and this can warres refell:
It ſhewth the earth and goodly ſterres,
and ſickenes doth expell.
This teacheth figures faire to frame,
of ſondry ſorte and kinde:
This teacheth vs to number well,
and muſicke calles to mind.
This dothe aſcende the heauens and
bring hidden thinges to light:
No perfit man without this ſame,
maie called be of right.
Vnlike to beaſtes and like to gods,
this cauſeth vs to be:
Sometime and yet of little price,
his vertue loſt we ſee.
As oft as with the dregges of vice,
defilde he doth put on:
Deformed hewe amid the durte,
as doth the Jaſper ſtone.
Or as the ſonne behinde the cloude,
or ſhadowde of the moone:
Ne is it onely vile in ſight,

but hurtfull very ſoone.
For yf a wicked man it haue,
then maye it be compared:
Vnto a frantyke foole that hath
a ſworde without regarde:
Wherby he many doth deſtroy,
and runneth more aſtray:
But he that voide of harme and hurte,
to liue doth well aſſaye.
Obſeruing well the law of god,
and of the hygher powre:
And ſynne dothe flye as open throte,
of dragon to deuoure.
The ſhepe the moyle or horſes kepte,
whoſe office is to ſee:
Though he be one, yf learnyng lacke,
eſteemde he ought to be.
Suche one I ſaye no man nor god,
can euer well deſpyſe:
But he that vertue doth enuye,
at leaſt that is not wiſe.
For who but ſuche wyll not hym loue,
and worthely commende:
That feareth god and rightcouſnes,
obſerueth to his ende.
Whom golde can neuer ouercome,
who wylleth no mans wrong:

Who

Who helpes the poores afflicted caſe,
who ſtyeth the noughty throng.
He feedes the humble and the meke
yll tonges he doth reiect:
No man to hurt he doth reioyce,
but rather to protect.
And that whiche is the worthieſt prayſe
at euery tyme he can:
In euery thyng a modeſtye,
vſe, happy is the man.
More happy yet I doe hym iudge,
that doth in both excell:
Who that is good and learned too,
a crowne deſerueth well.
For other men he farre exceedes,
as golde doth copper paſſe:
And as the flamyng Piropus,
excelles the duſkey glaſſe.
And ſeldome ſynne thou ſhalt diſcerne,
a man of learned fame:
At leaſt not muche vnto the rude,
there is no hede of ſhame.
But headlong ruſh they into vice,
whiche they forbidden be:
And holy lawes be laught to ſcorne,
by foolyſh fonde decree.
Lyke as the blynde cannot beware,

but fal in ditches deepe:
As men amid the darke be hurt,
when Proſerpine doth ſlepe.
So minde of man, whiche is but blynde
take learnyng once awaye:
In euery vice it doth not doubt
to fall and runne aſtray.
Except it be compelle by feare,
of paine that maye enſewe:
Nothing is but thoſe that pleaſant bee
it iudgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be ſeen,
that nature doth ſupply:
The maſters roume and geueth grace,
in youth habundantly.
Wherby that ſchole did neuer teache,
by grace they maye obtaine:
What letteth ſuch to lead a life,
as vertue teacheth plaine.
The greater thankes be due to hym,
for euermore to geue:
Whoſe booke doth ſhewe a method true
declaring how to liue.
O famous Gods of the renoume,
whiche rule the forked hyll:
To whom my yeares I alwayes gaue,
and ordinate them ſtyll.

I

If that ſuch weighty thinges a wretche
maie ſafely you deſire:
In this my worke I take in hand,
your aide I now require.
Let not diſhonour me deface,
nor in his blaſing rage:
Let limping Vulcan me deſtroy,
at any time or age.
And thus an end, the ramme that keper
the entraunce of our dooze:
Doth leaue his place vnto the bul,
that haſteth heare afore.
The booke approching nerte at hande,
doth wil me to haue done:
In haſte and biddes me finiſh now,
that I of late begonne.

The ſeconde booke entituled Taurus.

LOng time thou haſt the reſted wel
my bote in pleaſant baie:
Now time bs biddes to heiſe vp ſailes
and ancour vp to waye.
The waſhyng winter now is fledde,
the hoary ſnowes be gon:
From downe the hylles they fall diſtyll,

that once they fell vpon.
The earth agayne doth flo̅rysh greene,
the trees repayre theyr ſprynge:
With pleaſant notes the nyghtingale,
begynneth new to ſyng.
With flowers freſh their heads be deckt
the fairies daunce in fielde:
And wanton ſonges in moſſye dennes,
the Dryds and Satyrs yelde.
The wynged Cuppde faſt doth caſt,
his dartes of golde yframed:
And luſty youth with pleaſaunte heate,
hath feruently inflamed.
Now maye we ſafely wander out,
amyd the waters playne:
The floudes be calme ỹ weſterne wynde
is preſent here agayne.
O foole why art thou now afrayde,
the ayre is fayre and bright:
And Atlas doughters ryſyng vp,
perſwade thy courſe of right.
For ydlenes what kynde of praiſe,
can happen vnto thee:
To ſlouthfulnes no good rewarde
maye well aſcribed be.
Lyft vp thy heart and corage eke,
be bolde and of good chere:

Fo

For fortune moſt doth fauoure thoſe,
that all thynges leaſt do feare.
To fearefull folkes at any tyme,
the triumphe hath denayde:
But as I geſſe the monſters teeth,
doth make the ſore afrayde.
Great ſhame it is that vertue ſhoulde,
for monſters hyde her face:
So to therefore leaue of thy lettes,
and walke the depth apace.
The kyng and lord of myghty power,
that rules the worlde ſo vaſte:
Who with a becke the golden ſtarres,
ſhall gouerne whilſte they laſt.
Who made the earth inhabited
with beaſtes of ſundry ſight:
And diuers fiſhe within the ſea,
to drawe their vitall ſpryte.
Leaſt deſtitute of dwellers be,
thoſe elementes they ſhoulde:
And onely man among the reſt,
diſcerne he reaſon woulde.
And vnto hym he graunted ſpeache,
where beaſtes be dumme of ſounde:
Declinyng downe their bodyes great,
doe lycke the maſſey grounde.
With reaſon he hath vnder brought,

the ſtrongeſt beaſtes of might:
The Lion fierce, the Tygre ſwift,
alone hath put to flight.
The ſerpents though their bodies foule
with poyſon doe habounde:
Doe ſtande in awe and feare hym to,
when that thei heare his ſounde.
The mõſtruous mole ẏ thurlpole great,
of mighty forme and ſtrength:
In Occean ſea doth geue hym place,
when he doth walk at length.
Take him awaye what were the earth:
a place with bryers growne:
And would bring forth no kind of corne
vntilde or els vnſowne.
The cities builte and ordned lawes,
wherby they ruled be:
With temples trimmed for their ſtate,
the gods adourned he.
Ful many artes he ſearched forth,
and inſtrumentes he founde:
Which like the lightning flaſhe & flame
and lyke the thunders ſounde.
Wherin the fier faſt incloſde,
inforceth all he maye:
Out of his mouth to rumble outs,
the pellet farre awaye.

Wherby

Whereby the Towres hie be kette,
and walles of euery towne:
Yis ſtrength not able to abide
coine topſey turuey downe.
And he that heareth farre away,
the bouncing of theſe blowes:
With dreadful noyſe ẏ thũder thumpes
as preſent there he trowes.
Unhappy had you bene O Gods,
yf in Phlegreus grounde:
Whereas with giantes huge you faught
ſuche weapons had bene founde.
Ye founde out ſhippes wherebу a man,
to paſſe the ſeas maye knowe:
And wander farre whereas he liſt,
yf winde at will doe blowe.
In places farre abrode and nie,
to Tytan in the Eaſt:
And where the ſõne dothe ſlip ſomtime,
and fall vnder the weſt.
And in the North where as the beare,
her coloure cleare dothe ẏeue:
And in the other part agayne,
where men there be that liue.
Whoſe fete contrary quite to ours,
do alwaies vſe to trede:
And lyke to fall their heeles aloft,

doe

doe downewarde hange their head.
And though he doe excell in wytte,
and vigour of the mynde:
So muche that well he may be thought
to come of god his kynde.
Yet knoweth he not nor sekes to know,
A thing to badde to tel:
Howe for to liue, what wayes to flye,
or what to folowe well.
O mortall liuers where darknes blind
doth euermore habounde:
And eke O myndes where foolyshenes,
maye alwayes well be found.
By wicked wayes they runne astraye,
and scarce alas doe knowe:
Which way their iourney well to take
or where in safe to rowe.
Whereby the chiefe and happiest lyfe,
in tyme they maye obtaine:
The knotty science of the lawes,
wyll neuer shewe it playne.
Nor he that can in medicine skyl,
in eloquence or grammer:
But onely wisedom must the waye,
detect the chiefe defender.
Of man and ruler of his lyfe,
whiche if the lorde me geue:

And

And if the ſiſters three me let,
vntyll my time to lyue.
What kynde of thyng is bleſſed lyfe,
I wyll my ſelfe entreate:
And howe it may be gote although,
it be a labour great.
The greateſt parte of men doe thynke,
felicitye to ſtande:
In purſes puffed vp with pens,
and ſo muche golde in hande.
To haue as in the Lidius ſtreames,
among the ſande dothe growe:
Or els as muche as Tagus vp,
continually dothe throwe:
To haue ſo many acres of
good grounde, and paſtours playne:
As he hath heeres vnto his head,
of men a buſhyng traine.
Of braſſes ſo huge a droue to haue,
as Polyphemus not:
At any tyme dyd foſter vp,
amid the pleaſaunt plot.
Of Syceply as neuer had
the ſhepeheard Ariſteus:
As neuer toke away by force,
the man that bygbt Tyrinthus.
With orchardes fayre as euer had,

Alcinous

Alcinous the kyng:
And as the ſiſters fayre did holde,
by force of cruell ſtyng.
Of dragon vgly to beholde,
for to poſſeſſe alone:
With houſes hye adourned faire,
with cruſte of marble ſtone.
Theſe are the thynges that euery man,
dothe now a dayes deſyre:
Whiche nature carefull for her ſonne,
doth inſtantly require.
With earneſt prayer to the gods,
theſe thynges who doth poſſeſſe:
The common ſort beleues he liues,
in perfit bleſſednelle.
What Hiders great in floures lurke,
the blockeheades do not know:
Ne yet how many prickyng thornes
among the roſes grow.
For nedes he muſt no remedy,
that riches wyll obtain:
Both nyght and day be vexed ſore,
with cares and cruell payne.
His lucke vncertayne euery houre,
nowe this, nowe that he wayeth,
No ſooner ſittes he downe to meate,
but auarice him frayeth.

No meates almoſt doe pleaſe his mouth
he haſteth to forſake:
The table yet vnſatiſfyde,
for filthy lucre ſake.
And lytle reſt the wretched ſoule,
dothe take at any night:
Sometimes on ſide, ſometimes on face,
ſometimes he turnes vpright.
He toſſeth round about the bed,
like as the weighty ſtone:
That Syſyphus continually,
dothe toſſe and turne alone.
What he hath done the daye before,
he muttreth in his mynde:
And what the nexte day he may doe,
he muſeth for to finde.
Beholde (ſayth he) my cattayle dyes,
to morowe yf I maye:
Some fother I ſhall ſeke to get,
O curſed winters daye.
How much this cold hath hurt mi beaſts
full ſore am I deluded:
My bayly and my ſhepeherd eke,
haue bothe me foule miſuſed.
My folde the woulues, O woful chance,
alas haue broken in:
And now my cattell to deſtroy,

The

the ſouldier doth begin.
He hath deſtroyde my tenementes
by flame conſumed quite:
My corne and now my vineyard to,
he ſcorcheth downe a ryght.
My detter fled from hence away,
my money with hym gon:
No fayth there is that feareth god,
I thynke there be not one.
The worlde is nought but great diſceit
O lord he was eſteemed:
An honeſt faithful man and true
but all is not as it ſemde.
That rule is not to be obſerude:
to truſt a man by face:
But wherefore ſhould I now lamente,
my ſhyppe returnes a pace.
And home ſhe bryngeſ I leape for ioye,
ſuche wares as wyll awaye:
Both pepper ſpice and franconcenſe,
with ſilke and amber aye.
With clothes that Sydon ſendeth furth
and wares of diuers kynde:
Which thorow wyth waues of ſurging ſeas
ſhe bryngeth foorth of ynde.
Whom if the great Symplegades,
had chaunſte to burſt a ſonder:

Or Scylla with the Capdare rocke,
the seas had sunke her vnder.
Then should I fil my house alas
with great complaynt and cryes:
The teares would ouerflow my brest,
that issued from my eyes.
If wyll no money lacke I trowe,
tyll lyfe begynne to starte,
Some beares to lowe a price what then
of oyles I make my marte.
If must go delue I must goe sowe,
and harrowe well my corne:
If must go builde and see my vines
well trimmed cut and shorne.
This wyll I bye this wyll I sell,
I wyll receiue and paye:
My dettes no otherwyse this wretche,
is tost then ball in playe.
The multitude beholdyng hye,
is vsed to bee caste:
Now here now there among the croude
is driuen very fast.
Some one doth strike it with his hãdes
some other with his fete:
In ioye in griefe in feare and hope
So dothe he alwayes flete.
As seas be wont when wynds do blow

an

an Irion is he luste:
Who with a cloude as hath bene talde
perfourmyng fylthy luste.
He gat a sonne of double fourme
wherefore he then was iudged,
Of gods vpon a snake whele,
for euer to be turned.
For what is riches but a thing,
whiche aptest we maye like:
Vnto a cloude whiche Boreas yf
descending happe to strike.
Thou shalt beholde whereof it came,
to smoke resolued than:
Of riches monsters be begot,
that haue the face of man.
Then outwarde face of welthy man,
what thing doth more excell:
But when the course of all his lyfe,
we once haue marked well.
We shall beholde the hynder partes,
to differ farre awaye:
From those that we did first deserne,
when fortune without staye
Doth turne about vpon her whele,
the carkes and cares be snakes,
Which alwaies wyth a mad his heat
with sorowes that he takes.

Th

The riche man either knowes or not,
what goodes he doth poſſeſſe:
If not what helpe thei than thereby
no good ne yet diſtreſſe.
He doth receiue but as a man,
that riches is without:
If he doe know he either loues,
or loues them not no doubt.
If he them hate, why kepes he them,
what ſope takes he thereby,
Such as who drinks the iuice of grapes
and wine doth cleane defy.
If he them loue he them regardes,
and ſeketh to defende:
Them, and to kepe he ſorowes much,
and labours till his ende.
It doth him much vnquiet whan,
he thinketh for to ſee:
Some harme approchyng to his welth,
and dered moſt is he.
When any part thereof by loſſe
doth ſcape out of his hande:
As many times for to befall,
by nedefull rule doth ſtande.
When nothyng long in ſtate abides,
thou ſhalt behold and ſee:
So many harmes as euer ſcen,

In haſte at hande to be.
When all is done how muche the more
of goodes he doth poſſeſſe:
So muche the more of carke and care,
ſhall ouer hym oppreſſe.
What ſhall I here declare or ſhewe,
the daungers inciident:
That he dothe paſſe by ſeas and land,
hys lyuyng to augment.
From themes by land frō themes by ſeas
full ofte he flyeth faſte:
And yet for all the wyles he hathe,
he taken is at laſte.
And ofte his bowelles doe become,
a pray vnto the wolfe:
Or Fyſhes fowle doe hym deuoure,
vp ſwalowed in the golfe.
And often he whom worldly wealth,
had moued to be bolde:
Is forced vnder his maiſters yoke,
his captiues necke to holde.
At home at boorde ne yet in bed,
he cannot ſafely be:
But poiſon ſtrong thei wyll hym geue,
whom leaſt miſtruſteth he.
Or els the wicked handes of ſome,
vnthryfty ſeruaunt wyll:

In

In bed a-slepe and snorting fast,
  bym quickly slee and kyll.
As fattest beastes in sacrifies,
  be sooneste euer slayne:
And as the worthiest tree is kyst,
  depriued of his grayne.
And as the grape is first destroyde,
  that swetest is of taste:
With flies and beas and other wormes
  that alwayes them doe wast.
So he whom nature most hath lent,
  is alwayes most intrapt:
And euermore in daungers great,
  is redieste to be clapt.
Note wel the crafty wit and head,
  Of Dyonyse the kyng:
Behold good man and art thou blessed,
  what els thou lackst nothyng.
Thou lackst no meat ꝑ lackst no drynk,
  thou lackst no pleasaunt boyes:
Thou lackst no scepter nor no crowne,
  thou wantest no wished ioyes.
With glisteryng gold & precious stones
  beholde thou doest habounde:
A sword but lo hanges ouer thy head,
  that will the wretche confounde.
With enuy richesse eft be bert

all thinges of good eſtate:
Doth malice harme and happy thinges
it euermore doth haue.
So deare O miſers doe you ſeke,
of golde the wicked mine:
Wherby your herts may alwaies prick
the ſiſters Paleſtine.
And ſooner downe deſcend the pit,
of ghaſtly Plutos raigne:
Was not the giftes that Bachus gaue,
of golde to Mydas gaine.
Of al men laught to ſcorne by ryght,
to whom thou Phebus muche,
An angred gaueſt an aſſes eares,
al thinges quoth Myde I tutche.
Be golde I wiſh and by and by,
he aſked his fatall ende:
For downe his greedy griping guttes.
no meate could then diſcende.
Such fortune hatte thou ſparing wretch
the more thou haſt of goodes:
The more thou lackſte as Tantalus,
doth thirſt among the floudes.
If thou mighſt all thinges free obtaine,
thou wouldſt thy ſelf require:
Wouldſt thou but take ſ̄ ſhould ſuffyce
exceſſe or els deſire.

This

This one dothe hurte ẏ other meane,
all men may soone obtayne:
For nature with a litle thing
contented doth remaine,
Except that headlong faine to byte,
it doth repugne agayne.
The chiefest fruites of seas and woode,
to riche mens boordes be brought:
There lackes no hare no goat nor Part
no Kid no Boze nor ought:
Amongst the flocke of flitteryng foules,
the Throstel fatte and rounde:
The Pertrige colmouse nor the birdes,
that bredes in Colchis grounde.
With Capons great ẏ mighty Doues,
and Turbots in be brought:
The Lopster Lampzey ẏ the shrympe,
and Mugil fat is raught.
The fishe that tocke his name of golde,
the chopping oyster newe:
Whiche Cizicus doth foster vp,
amid his seas so blewe.
With many moe that semeth harde,
in verse for to declare:
And wines ẏ may with falerne fyelde,
and Nectare swete compare.
But now I aske and wyll this wretche

al this himſelfe deuoure:
I thynke not ſo for yf he would,
it ſemes not in his power.
And if he myght his belly ſure
would burſt a ſonder thor:
And ſwolne to tombe with roring rout
hym ſolowyng ſhould he goe.
For he that doth his ſtomake charge,
with more then wyll ſuffyce:
Is hurt and then phiſicions helpe,
with gronyng voyce he cryes.
Then vp he throwes and all his houſe,
doth fylthy ſtincke poſſeſſe:
Wherby hym feruent feuers vexe,
and humours ſharpe oppreſſe.
What ſickncs great exceſſe doth brede,
no man there is but knowes:
What hurts by to much drink let doiwn
within the body growes:
Wherfore he muſt be modeſt nedes,
of muche and litle take:
Who that before thapointed tyme,
ſwete lyfe wyl not forſake:
For more then doth the pore he muſt
his hungred body ſlake.
With purple fayre and clothe of golde,
the ryche man is arayed:

His

His gorgeous shirt doth cast a shew,
with slike and overlayde.
About his head he weareth aye,
the fleece of Scithian bow:
And Jewels fayre about his neck,
of price he weares but now:
Are these of greater force for to
erpell the bitter colde:
Then yf in garmentes made of wolle,
thy body were infolde:
Or doth the wouen webbe of flaxe,
not so repulse the heate:
When as the sone doth feruēt flame,
amid the Lion great:
Or when the raging dog the fyeldes
of grene doth quite defeate.
As yf the fyne and tender sylke,
encloſde thee rounde about:
But thou wilt say he is esteemde,
whom gorgeous geare settes out.
Vnto hym passyng by the way,
the people ducke and ryse:
And onely he is counted then,
bothe noble good and wyse.
And worthy worshyp to receiue,
and frendship for to haue:
No hede at all they take of hym,

whoſe garments be not braue.
The common people laugh to ſee,
his cote than worne to nought:
Though thou ſhouldſt Tully repreſent
whoſe eloquence was thought
For to excell all Italye,
or els Demoſthenes:
Whoſe famous voyce the Athens men,
dyd wonder at in plees.
Or if thou hadſt as great a gyfte,
as Paro had in verſe:
Or couldſt the auncient Homers tunes
celeſtial wel rehearſe.
For al this faine yet ſhouldſt not thou,
the price of prayſe obtayne:
But as reiecte of euery man,
thou ſhalt receiue diſdayne.
In vayne thou ſhalt behold the hew,
of Ganymedes face:
In vaine and oft thou ſhalt deſyre,
thy damoſel to embrace,
If that with vile apparell thou
doeſt runne the poore mannes race.
I not denie that clothyng faire,
eſteemed ought to be:
But yf the mynde doth vertues lacke,
with vices eke agree.

Thy

Thy beuty all byddes then adewe
and glozy leaues the quyte:
And euery man that knowes thee well,
wyl haue thee in despite.
They wyl the floute behinde thy backe,
and greuous mockes the gyue:
Thy seruaunt too that of thy foode,
hath alwayes vsed to lyue.
If that he knowe the foz to be,
a gredye Churle oz suche:
As cruell is of hautye mynde,
oz vseth wyne to muche.
Oz one that lacketh wit be wyll,
regarde thee then but lyght:
And grudging ofte these woozdes will he
vnto hymselfe respyght.
O suche a maister fozlune false,
why byddest thou me geue?
Me vnder suche a maister long,
shall fates enfozce to liue?
Can other men commende hym than,
whose seruauntes so despyse:
But yf thou valiant be and iust,
both sober sadde and wyse.
If so be that that learnyng great,
dothe cause thee to excell:
Then to thy wozshyp doth agree

all

all kynde of garmentes well.
And no man wil thee then deſpyſe,
except that he be mad:
And firſt whatſoeuer that thou arte,
deſirous to be had.
In honour to be prayſed muche,
and much to be beloued:
Imbracyng vertue flie thou vyce,
and that of right reproued.
May bryng the authour to a ſhame,
beware thou not commit:
For oft the common people rude
do vſe as voide of wyt:
The noble vertue to deſpyſe,
yf ſo be that they ſee:
With litle ſpot of any vice,
defyled her to bee.
But what is he vpon the earth,
that liueth voide of crime:
And from the true and beaten way
departeth not ſometyme.
Or doth not ſwarue or runne aſtraye,
from out the ruled lyne:
But he that leaſt and ſeldome ſynnes,
hym beſt we may defyne.
But greateſt grace hath ſuche a one,
that learnedly and wyſe:

All

All thinges he ſpeakes with order iuſte,
can well hymſelf deuiſe.
To wiſe and ſyled ſpeache maye be,
great force and ſtrength allynde,
It diuers paſſions doth prouoke,
and gouernes well the mynd.
Suche more wyll this than coſtly cloth,
ſet forth thy worthy name.
Vſe not the loue of boyes take hede,
ſuche loue is ſinnefull ſhame:
For children haue no loue ne wit,
no reaſon kayth nor truſte:
A vengeance light on hym I wiſhe,
that ioyes in ſuche a luſt.
If that the pleaſaunt portrature
of maydes doe thee delyght:
Go take a wife thou neadſt not lack,
a Dormouſe for the nyght.
What hadſt thou rather foole to wyſh,
and hope for thynges denayde:
When as with eaſier medicine thou
mayſt haue thy griefe alayde:
Perchaunce for this yet riches are,
to be deſyred playne:
Wherby a man may ſooner ſo,
to vertue hye attaine:
If voyde of money cleane thou arte,

no

no man will take the paines:
Thee to conſtruct for teachers ſure,
Require no litle gaines.
For lytle price will thee ſuffice,
thy ſelfe with bookes to ſtore:
Wherby thou mayſt apply thy ſelfe,
to Lady learnynges lore.
Leſt poucrtie with other cares,
dothe occupie thy head:
And ſo from learnyng draw thy mynde
with other buſines lead.
O lord how harde a thing it is,
howe fewe doth god permyt:
To flie from baſe and poore eſtate,
in honours hye to ſit.
How ſeldom doth the ſely ſoule,
aſcende to honours hie:
And more beſydes what is his life,
to death and ele hap[illegible]pye.
How muche to be de[illegible]ſed tho,
when pleaſure none his mynde,
Doth eaſe, amongſt his trauailes great
when he no ioyes can fynde.
When neuer cares abſent themſelfes
with griefes when all hande:
Yet better paſſe the Stigian lake,
and fede the gredy houndc.

And

And mired be with shrikyng soules,
then neuer ioye to synde:
In happy thinges when neuer mynde,
shal glad thy wretched minde.
For to this wretche what ioye at all,
or pleasure can remayne:
That lackes both meate & drynk ful oft,
sometyme his bedde agayne.
Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke,
and oft his toes be spyde:
From out his clouted shoes to pepe,
where seames sitte gaping wyde.
With paine drawes on his drudgynge
muche lesse he able is: (lyfe,
Those thinges to haunt ỹ here do bring
a mortall man to bliſſe.
But he that hath the golden mynes,
in hym these thinges dor flowe:
And euery thing he straighte obtaynes,
whereat he bendes his bowe.
Suche rule and swaye hath money now
suche force in euery place:
That nothing longe she wyl permytte.
for to resist her grace.
From hie she raiseth hilles adowne,
and valleys vp doth hoyse:
That therefore with swifty course,

of dogges he doth reioyce.
To take the Hart the Goate or Wolfe,
the flighty flying Hares:
If birdes to take or fish deceaue,
with hookes with nettes or snares.
If for to serue in Venus court
smeate or drinke delight:
If quiet rest, yf Lute or Harpe,
hym please or songes to shright,
All these the riche man doth possesse,
through mighty moneys mighte.
Nowe harke agayn what I shall say,
to this in contrary:
If any man desyre to learne,
he shall it soone come by.
So that his mynde bee constaunte thoe,
and feareth not to tread
The sharpe and crabbed thorny wayes,
to vertue that doth lead.
If money lacke what then perforce
let housholde stuffe be solde:
With house and all and medowe too,
how maye my lyfe then holde?
Then shal I be constrayned to beggr,
and wallet vp to take:
Farre better wretche it is to begge,
when learning shall thee make.

Lyke

Lyke to the heauen sayncters about,
wherin if thou shouldest possesse:
The Persians herds & droues of beasts
with all their welthinesse.
Relcue not thou the iudgement blynde
of rude and common sorte:
No more who can then beasts discerne,
the truth or it reporte.
If thou be wyse, marke what I saye
in mynde and printe it sure:
Excepting vertue nothyng is,
that heare maye long endure.
For riches fade and forme and strength
and honour eke doth fall:
And vertue onely doth remayn,
in strength and euer shall.
Whiche neuer fortune maye suppresse
nor age can take away:
I neuer salue it yet nor tho,
beleue it well I maye.
The vertuous man for hunger sterued,
or left to begge his bread:
Though fortune sometyme doth assaye
hym for to ouertread.
Yet vertue hasteth fast anone,
and learnyng doth defende:
Her clyentes nor doth suffer them,

theyr

their yeares in care to spende.
But offers them a boorde to help,
when saile and ship is lost,
Whereby thei may the shore attayne,
from waues of Seas ytost.
Who foloweth vertue may go see,
tharabian desertes fell:
The Ethiops blacke the rugged getes,
the Indes in health and well.
For onely vertue of her force,
wyll fortune false withstande:
And oft with her in doubtfull matche,
doth strive with fighting hande.
For costes thou oughtest not to spare,
nor doubte the landes to sel:
Whereby thou vertue mayste obtayne,
yf fortune be so fell.
That nought to sell at all thou haste,
let goodnes then remayne:
In thee yf learnde thou canst not be,
with learnde thy selfe retayne.
With eares attentiue mark their words
sometime and question fynd:
The rest to god doe thou commit,
and with a lowly mynde.
Receaue thapointed fates from hie,
if loyes thou doest frequente:

And

And hurtful pleasure thee betrap,
and in her gins thee hent:
And count so thy youthful dates
to passe in pleasant sport:
And therfore doest desire to beare,
a ryche and wealthy porte.
These thinges that reason doth the tel,
peruse them well inwarde:
A greater yll and hurtful more,
then pleasure maye not fynde.
It taketh counsel quite from vs,
and doth the myndes oppresse:
Resisting vertues entrance,
encreaseth wicked mes.
It is the chiefest nurse of vice,
enfeebleth aye the strength:
With bitter endes and many hurtes,
prouoketh man at length.
But plainlier of this matter anone,
we will entreate anone:
The poore man hath his ioyes also,
yf that thou marke well:
Not much perchaunce inferiour to,
for pleasauntest be suche:
Obtayned ioyes that seldome happes,
and ioyfuller be much:
The pleasure is beleiue me well

that long hath bene absentid:
And more desirde so meate is sweete,
to hym that is an hungred.
So rest to hym that labourith sore,
so drinke is to the dryer:
So flame vnto the fryesing wyght,
so colde when summe is hye.
So long forborne is welcomer,
the Ladye Tullius sayes:
For contraries by opposites,
their strength doe eft repayre.
The riche man now will suffer nought,
but alwayes bothe habounder
With deintes so that lothsomnes,
in hym may ofte be founde.
Sometime he doth desire and muche,
on earthy rootes to grashe:
Sometyme on pescodes fast he fedes,
sometime on other trash.
And royall fare with deintys dyth,
abhorring nought ostrmese
Nothing so swete he then receiues,
but bitter toe it semes.
And lykes hym not yf any time,
it chaunceth to endure:
But chaunges now doth hym delyghte
and for to haue in hye.

For

Forbidden thynges ar̃e sweter muche,
such thynges be wrought and yll:
That alwayes ars at hande to hame.
to not the thyng but wyll;
And iudgement of the mynd doth cause
a man to be content:
And worthy is to be imbraide
that pleaseth his intent.
What profites it vnto the sicke,
to offer deinty meate:
Whose tast away hath quite bereft,
the feruent feuers heate?
Or what auayles it vnto hym
the pleasaunt wynes to bring:
Who euermore refraynyng wine,
doth ioye in clered spryng?
Some one with kid some other two,
with pork refreight to be:
Desireth more some songes delight,
some other plaies to see.
So loue to all men is not lyke,
some man a boy desyres:
And some a mayde and some a gyll,
and some a wyfe requires.
The mynd and not the thyng therfore,
doth cause a quietnes:
Whereby the poore no lesse theyr ioyes

then riche men doth poſſeſſe.
Ceaſſe the ryche man doth deſyre,
fewe thynges the poore ſuffice:
To him doth greater charge of houſe,
but leſſer ioyes aryſe.
The Shipman or the labouryng wyght
muche pleaſure more doe take:
With egges and leekes & homely food,
his hungred mawe to ſlake,
The kynges and quenes w̄ dentye diſh
of ſeas and land to dine:
The worthier pleaſure than I thynke,
of right we may deſyne,
That vſed neyther cauſeth harme,
nor honeſtye reſiſtes,
For beſt it is to couet leaſt,
and liue within the lyſtes,
Of counſayle good nor verſed be
with vaine and fonde deſyre:
For who the thinges he cannot haue
doth earneſtly requyre,
With fruſtrate hope is tormented,
and loſeth tyme in vaine;
Wherfore deſyre thou nothyng els,
but that thou mayſt obtayn.
And rule thy mynde w̄ bridelyng bytt,
but be that doth habounde:

With

With riches, alwaies couets more,
then lawfull maye be founde.
With litle and content to liue,
he knowes not yet therefore:
Whom least of all thyne full fortune,
hym happyer iudge I more.
For lofty landes doe cause a man,
for to excell in pryde:
Th'immortall gods for to despise,
and men for to pervde.
Without al rule, a parfyt knyght
and vertues mortal foe:
For who dothe vertue oughte regarde,
where riches dwelleth so?
O famous worthye pouertie,
O giftes of god vnkende:
Of vertues aye the safe defence,
to shamefastnes a freende:
The bayte tryde of wantones,
and patron of the lyfe:
Thou onely canst and well despise,
the shameles fortune rife.
The raginge of the seas and wyndes,
whistle in thy litle horr:
Thou keepst the safe assured fordes,
and ryotte by shore a doore.
The lofty hylles on hye fall off

the flashyng lyghtnynges smyte,
And spiryng ashes long be dette.
by northren Boreas myght.
Low things do lie vnknowē to hardes
the tempestes neuer greues
The lowly shrauded Iunipers,
nor shakes the Pitche leues.
The famous Anaxagoras,
and Democryte, the wyse:
With many mo whose worthy fame
throughout the world now flyes:
Dyd spurne golde and ryches eke,
as heades of vll despyse.
And why: but yᵗ thei thought they were
not vertues good nor true:
Which let the myndē in dyuers cares,
and bedlong holden eke threw.
Full many men in diuers vice.
but allwayes marke thou well:
What sabrice Calo and Curius to,
these holy men thee tell.
Regārde not what the common sort,
and foolysh route doe saye:
Therample of the good allwayes,
before thy eyes but lay.
Dyd not Quirinus conquerour,
his banners oft display:

Com.

Commaunded wrapons vp to take,
and plough a bolwne to laye.
And rest his delving spade a whyle,
then would the cottage small:
Content the men and deinty fare,
not vsed them at all.
But princely meades & rouked roumes
haying forth as new a dayes:
A weake a faynt and tender fruit,
and apt to spoyt and playes.
O learne you mortal men at length,
put darknes from your minde:
Lift vp a loft your dimmye eyes,
wherto doth vyll so blynde.
You leade take hede in any wyse,
you whether doe not goe:
By reason lyke the gods aboue,
you are creatd loe.
By reason are the seas and lande,
vnto your power subiect:
Let errours not therfore as now,
but reason you direct.
The certayn ende of euery thyng,
peruse you well alwaye:
And let the meat youre selues suffice,
that hunger driues awaie.
And garmets eake your skynnes to hide

and cald for to expell
Let aye the slepe that hath refresshed
your wery limmes be well
Of these three thynges above the reste,
most nede we haue alway
Sith these our bodies are subiecte on
of ryle and battle dayes
But yet ꝑ oughteth these thynges to se
as phisick sayth breke
The diuers sickenes that to man
dayne nature wonteth to seke
Some one wo se vnmanly fare
both ryote moste vnlaces
Som other in erth of clothes
and some whilste they rap ace
From learnynge flye as one ye knowe,
nor once thus lyfe pertaue
When euermore with sluggysh slepe,
their eyes together cleaue
But happy is he that is content
with litle is remayne
Nor puts his trust in thynges so frayle
that death wyl hym constrayne
To leaue behind as nought of his
and wayeth well in mynde
How short the spaces of our lyues ind
howe all thynges payne was fynde

That

That here of earth dwelleth he,
Who alwayes on vertuousnes
In prosperous chaunce and aduerse chance,
The iudge may rightly name:
Regardeth not the naughtie fames,
Whatsoeuer mattines sprung.
Vnhappy is he whom ryall rule hath lande,
Vnmindefull of the thyng,
That is to cause his hyde to bende,
Regardes the thyng in syght:
Who knoweth not that by hole wicked,
The vnlyke iudgers of right;
Then is the corps, for vnlike the mynde,
In gifts to both vnelike.
Ryches be not the cheefest goodes,
Therfore appereth itelf.
For these be not the bodies wealthe,
The onely cure be sought:
The maners of the owners else,
We see they better nought.
Who will accoumpt the cheefest goodes:
For oftentymes he fer:
Such menne with riches as habounde,
Lyke brutish beastes to ber.
As muche therfore as wyl suffice,
Thy hele no more requyre:
For in excesse doe foolies reioyce;

In

their yeares in care to spende.
But offers them a boorde to help,
when saile and ship is losse,
Whereby thei may the shore attayne,
from waues of Seas ytosse.
Who foloweth vertue may go see,
thArabian desertes fell:
The Ethiops blacke the rugged getes,
the Indes in health and well.
For onely vertue of her force,
wyll fortune false withstande:
And oft with her in doubtfull matche,
doth strine with fighting hande.
For costes thou oughtesse not to spare,
nor doubte the landes to sel:
Whereby thou vertue maysse obtayne,
yf fortune be so fell.
That nought to sell at all thou hasse,
let goodnes then remayne:
In thee yf learnde thou canst not be,
with learnde thy selfe retayne.
With eares attentiue mark their woordes
sometime and question fynd:
The rest to god doe thou commit,
and with a lowly mynde.
Keepe thapointed fates from hie,
if loyes thou doest frequente:

And

And hurtful pleaſures theis intrap,
and in her glim the hoorte:
And counſel ſo thy youthful dates
to paſſe in pleaſaunt ſporte:
And therfore deeſt delite to beare,
a ryche and healthy porte.
Theſe thinges that reaſon hath the tel,
peruſe them well inwarde:
A greater yll and hurtful more,
then pleaſure none can fynde.
It taketh counſel quite from vs,
and doth the mynde oppreſſe:
Reſiſting vertues exercyſe,
encreaſeth wicked neſſe.
It is the chiefeſt nurſe of vice,
enfeebleth aye the ſtrength:
With bitter ende and many hurtes,
proſtreth man at length.
But plainlier of this ſame anone,
we will entreate at full:
The poore man hath his ioyes alſo,
yf that thou marke well:
Not much perchaunce inferiour to,
for pleaſauntneſſe be ſuche:
Obtayned ioyes that ſeldome happes,
and ioyfuller be much:
The pleaſure is beleiue me naught

that long hath bene abstinent:
And more desire so meate is sweete,
to hym that is an hungred.
So rest to hym that laboureth sore,
so drinke is to the dryer:
So game vnto the toyling wyght,
so colde when sume is hye.
So long forborne is welcomer,
the Ladye Venus fayre:
For contraries by opposites,
their strength doe eft repayre.
The riche man now will suffer nought,
but alwayes bothe habounder
With deintics so that lothsomnes,
in hym may ofte be founde.
Sometime he doth desire and muche,
on earthy rootes to gnashe:
Sometyme on pescodes fast he fedes,
sometime on other trash.
And royall fare with deintye dyth,
abhorring nought ofte times:
Nothing so swete be them receiues,
but bitter loe it semes.
And lykes hym not yf any time,
it chaunceth to endure:
But chaunges new doth hym delyghte
and for to haue in vre.

For

Forbidden thynges are sweter muche,
such thynges be nought and yll:
That alwayes are at hande to haue.
so not the thyng but wyll,
And iudgement of the mynd doth cause
a man to be content:
And worthy is to be imbrasde
that pleaseth his intent.
What profites it vnto the sicke,
to offer deinty meate:
Whose tast away hath quite bereft,
the feruent feuers heate:
Or what auayles it vnto hym
the pleasaunt wynes to bring:
Who euermore restrayning wine,
doth loye in clered spryng:
Some one with kid some other two,
with pork refreght to be:
Desireth more some songes delight,
some other plaies to see.
So loue to all men is not lyke,
some man a boy desyres:
And some a mayde and some a gyll,
and some a wyfe requires.
The mynd and not the thyng therfore,
doth cause a quietnes:
Whereby the poore no lesse theyr loyes

then riche men doth poſſeſſe.
Ceaſſe the ryche man hathe deſyre,
fewe thynges the poore ſuffice:
To him doth greater charge of houſe,
but leſſer ioyes ariſe.
The lyghtman or the labouryng wyght
muche pleaſure myght doe take:
With egges and leekes e homely food,
his hungred mawe to ſlake,
The kynges and quenes w dentye diſh
of ſeas and land to dine:
The worthier pleaſure than I thynke,
of right we may deſyne,
That vſed neyther cauſethe harme,
nor honeſtye reſiſtes,
For beſt it is to couet leaſt,
and lyue within the lyſtes,
Of counſayle good nor verſed be
with vaine and fonde deſyre:
For who the thinges he cannot haue
doth earneſtly requyre,
With fruſtrate hope is tormented,
and loſeth tyme in vaine;
Wherfore deſyre thou nothyng els,
but that thou mayſt obtayn.
And rule thy mynde w bridelyng bytt,
but be that doth habounde:

With

With riches, al waies couets more,
then lawfull maye be founde.
With litle and content to liue,
he knowes not yet therefore:
Whom least of all doe full suffice,
hym happier iudge I more.
For lofty landes doe cause a man,
for to excell in pride:
Thimmortall gods for to despise,
and men for to deride.
Without al rule, a rarper kinyght
and vertues mortal foe:
For who dothe vertue aught regarde,
where riches swelleth so:
O famous worthye pouertie,
O giftes of god vnkendo:
Of vertues aye the safe defence,
to shamefastnes a frend:
The bridle tryde of wantones,
and patron of the lyst:
Thou onely canst and well despise,
the shameles fortune rife.
The raginge of the seas and wyndes,
whistle in thy litle boyr:
Thou keyest the safe assured fordes,
and ryddest by thore a doore.
The loftye hylles on hye fall off

the flashyng lyghtynges smyte:
And spiryng ashes long be bette.
by northren Boreas myght.
Low things do lie vnknowē to harmes
the tempestes neuer greues
The lowly shrauded Junipers,
nor shakes the Pirtie leues.
The famous Anaxagoras,
and Democryte, the wyse:
With many mo whose worthy fame
throughout the world now flyes:
Dyd spluer golde and ryches eke,
as heades of yll despyse.
And why: but ỳ thei thought they were
not vertues good nor true:
Which let the myndē vñ dyuers cares,
and bedlong down the threw.
Full many men in diuers vice.
but alwayes marke thou well:
What fabrice Calo and Curius to,
these holy men thee tell.
Regarde not what the common sort,
and foolysh route doe saye:
Therample of the good alwayes,
before thy eyes but lay.
Dyd not Quirinus conquerour,
his banners oft display:

Com.

Commaunded weapons vp to take,
and plough a bowne to laye.
And rest his deluing spade a whyle,
then would the cottage small:
Content the men and deinty fare,
not vsed them at all.
But princely meates & rouffed roumes
hyring forth as nowe a dayes:
A weake a faynt and tender fruit,
and apt to spoyt and playes.
O learne you mortal men at length,
put darknes from your minde:
Lift vp a loft your dimmye eyes,
wherto doth your will so bynde.
You leade: take hede in any wyse,
you thether doe not goe:
By reason lyke the gods aboue,
you are creatrd loe.
By reason are the seas and lande,
vnto your power subiect:
Let errours not therfore as nowe,
but reason you direct.
The certayn ende of euery thyng,
peruse you well alwaye:
And let the meat youre selues suffice,
that hunger driues awaie.
And garmets eake your skynnes to hide

and cald for to expell.
Let aye the slepe that doth refresh
your wery limmes be well.
Of these three thynges about the nede
most nede we haue alway:
Sith these our bodies are compacted on
of byle and brittle clay.
But yet ſ ought to these thinges to ad
as phisick for to heale:
The diuers sickenes that to man
dayly nature woll to deale.
Some one we see endaungerd sore
doth ryote make enhaunce:
Som other in erth ſ of clothes,
and some whilſt they ly ap ace:
From learnynge slye do some ſh kneine,
nor once thes lyfe perteine:
When euermore with sluggysh slepe,
their eyes togeather cleane.
But happy is he that is content.
with litle to rewarde:
Nor puts his trust in thynges so fraple
that death wyl hym constrayne:
To leaue behind as nought of his,
and wayeth well in myndc:
How short the spaceis of our lyfe ind
bowe all thynges payne we fynde.

That

That here on earth dwelleth wyde,
Who all thynges on rendyng sees
In prosperous ease and myrth of chance,
We myght nye gesse them parauenture,
Regardeth not how nought his dooynges,
Whatever fantasies spryng.
Unhappy is he whom ygnoraunce hath bounde,
Unmyndefull of the thyng,
That is to come: his hyde to beholde,
Regardes the thyng in syght:
Who knoweth not that by tyme myche,
The mynde ydolous of myght;
Then is the corps, by muche the more,
In gyftes of body exalt.
Ryches be nat the chefest goodes,
Therfore appereth it clere.
For these beraue for bodies wealthe,
That onely sute be sought:
The maners of the owners eke,
We see they better nought.
Who will accompt the chefest goodes?
For often tymes we fere:
Such menne with ryches as habounde,
Lyke brutish beastes to bee.
As muche therfore his wyl suffice,
Thy lyfe no more requyre:
For in erthe doo fooles reioyce,

In

In vayne thou doest defyse.
Thy barnes vpheapen & bynge mo ines,
of cornes when theyres fael:
With lesser measure though by muche,
thy hunger mayst expell.
When litle cuppes shall shee suffyce,
why doest thou tunnes desyre?
But yet yf Plutus doe thee lone,
and plentie on thee fyre.
And eke thee wyll vnkendnesse of fates,
hath riches dele to thee: (learne
What wouldst thou do? that thou hadst
it semeth best to me.
Lest by possession thou be mazde,
a doite and counted playne,
And tell me now I thee require,
what wisdome doth remayne,
Or counsel els to hym in whom,
great riches euer flowe?
And by what meanes them fro to vse,
the foole doth nothyng knowe.
Hereby dothe strength and often hurte,
and beautie eke anoy:
By reason lyke the authour oft,
doth eloquence destroy.
And by these meanes are diuers artes,
full hurtfull oft to many:

Let

Let not the ſnares of auarice,
that catche but from her ſlie.
Then this there is no fury fierce,
aſſuredly more fel:
Begotten once in Acheron,
amyd the raigne of hell,
She was where flamyng fyrebrandes,
ſhe dredfully doth caſt:
A hundred thretning heades ſhe beares
with vgly adders braſt.
Her gredy iawes with blond of menne,
could neuer haue their fyll:
With churliſh chaps deuourynge meat,
yet foode requireth ſhe ſtyll.
She ſpareth none nor god hys chuſe he,
once frameth to defyle:
This curſed neuer fylled beaſt,
and wicked monſter vyle.
Of her com plagues ſlaughters ſharp
wyth diſcordes and diſtreſſe;
With treaſons brawlynges diſeaſes
and loſſe of shamefastneſſe.
Contempte of God with periuries,
and chydinges fell with fyght:
With many more whiche in my verſe,
I cannot well reſyght.
From this therfore flye thou thy waye
nothing

nothyng doth more inflame:
Nor nothing more than this declares,
a vile vnworthy dame.
So women aged men and boyes,
do court most all waies:
Because they lack both strength & wyte
in myndc and have no dayes.
An other vice contrary now,
to this doth yet remayne:
This same from thee to banishe quyte,
thy streets looke thou frayne.
If thou doest spende without respecte,
in vaine thou shalt behold:
An hungred eft anothers spitte,
with dentles mandybyle,
When all thy liuing quite is spent,
by riote cleane destroyde:
Betweene them both the verye lyes,
the vice therefore auoide.
As reason doth requyre so grue,
and euermore take hede:
Be not to bolde to vse excesse,
within thy tether fede.
This cride hath riches we are bounde,
all men to profite thee:
But first our owne dame nature sure,
hath vs created so.

That

That not alone to vs and ours,
we ſhould recompenſions be:
But alſo if that powre wyll ſerue,
to all of eche degree.
What thing more famous is then this
what more deſerues the place?
Of gods aboue then for to helpe,
the poores afflicted caſe.
So ſhall the people honour vs,
to get we fame thereby:
And by ſuche actes to gods ful oft,
we ſee do many flie.
Nothing doth more a man become,
nothing for hym more mete,
As ſayth the olde and auncient ſchole,
of Philoſophers ſwete:
Then man to ayde and ſuccoure ſoone,
his felow faine to grounde.
But now alas O dolefull tymes,
and faſhions nothing ſounde.
All godlines is cleane extinct,
to no man geues doubtleſſe:
The welthye wretche although he hath
wherewith to geue exceſſe.
Of no man tho he pitie hath,
all heartes doe yron ſeme:
Who geueth the begger nowe a myte,

their teares they nought eſteme.
If ought thei giue to ſcoffers nowe,
or elſe to rakehel knaues:
They doe it deale to Colmon birdes,
and eke to baudye ſlaues.
No man doth geue the learned oughte,
the muſes be deſpyſed
In euery place, ſome one we ſee,
ſo muche hath exercyſed,
The dyſe and tables tyl his purſe,
at length the gorge dothe caſte:
So oft an other byes at cardes,
tyll all his goodes bee paſte.
And is not this a greater ſhame
thus money for to ſpende?
Whereby no honour is obtaynde,
nor thanke is got at thende.
O mynde forgetting god and eke,
with vices vile defylde:
And is it lawfull this to doe,
didſte thou not once a chylde,
Come naked from thy mothers wombe
and ſhalt returne agayne:
Reſolued vnto durtye earth,
from whence thou camſte certayne?
O foole theſe goodes be none of thyne,
but vnderneath the hande:

Of

Of god aboue and thou but beare,
a ſtrannger in the lande.
And burſter for a while of them,
ne be the goodes at all:
But onely now the vſe of them,
to our ſubiection thrall.
For when the Greſilde Charon olde
ſhall beare thee paſte the lake:
By which the gods aboue to ſweare,
doe tremble eft and quake,
Then beare ſ wretch to other heyres
the goodes thou ſhalt forſake.
Wherefore we ought to vſe them well,
whyle lyne of lyfe doth laſte:
In occupying about our ſelues,
and helpyng others faſt.
Now haue I wel declarde I thinke,
pf ryches ought to be:
Accompted for the chiefeſte goodes,
all men may plainly ſee.
By bote drawe backe we haue allayde,
The ſeas ſufficiently:
Lo cauſyng cloudes the ſutherne winde
begynneth faſte to flye.
Vpſuckt the cloudes from out the ſeas,
the whyrlwyndes vp doe beare:
Which doth declare a ſtorme to come,

not

not beſt we tarye heare.
Beleue me now for feare I feare,
to ſhyps vntruſty Dyon:
Whilſte tyme we haue let vs diſpatche
to porte and get vs gon.
Whan as the banisht cloudes aboue,
ſhall make the daye be layre:
Then Triton ſhall vs call from hye,
and we to ſeas repayre;

¶ The thyrde booke entituled. Ge-mini.

Waſting was ye dawnig day,
& fading ſtarres did ſhine:
The heauēs hee of Titā the
& halfe to apeare begunne,
To the ye vnder vs do dwel
and halfe diſcerne our eyes,
I meruailde muche to ſee as then,
the fyre vp to ryſe.
Amid the floudes vnquenched thus,
Theſe contraries no doubt:
Eche other now doe quite deſtroy,
but is the ſunne put out.
With floudes it is no fiery than,

Or els to touche the brinke:
Of Occean sea, the common sort to lye:
thus did I thinke.
While as by chaunce I walked alone,
beholde there gan me meete:
An aged man with staffe in hand,
in clothure net and sweete.
His hoary beard with siluer heares,
his middle fully rought:
His skin was white and ioyfull face,
of diuers coulours wrought,
A flowry garlande gay he ware,
about his semely heare:
When as we met, and made vnto
eche other frendly cheare.
Frō whēce I came, what place I seke,
my name he doth desyre:
I answered him, and dyd the lyke,
with shamefast voice requyre.
But after that he had declared,
his proper name certayne:
For Epicure this man he heyght:
I was astonyshed plaine.
Like as the poore, and labouring soule,
In deluyng of the grounde:
A hydden Chest amydde the earth,
by luckye chaunce hath founde.

And thus I ſaide good father olde,
ſuche fauour mayſt thou finde
Amongſt the gods that al thynges wel
may ſatiſfye thy minde.
Syth wiſdom great and wondrous eke
within thy breſt dothe dwell,
If ſadly men doe not amyſſe:
as eft they bee. Now tell
Unto me here I thee beſeche,
of grace the good preceptes:
With witty ſawes and eke inſtruct
my youth yf nothynge lets
More waighty affaires: quod he againe,
no weighlye affayres me let,
But for that cares and worke I ſhunne:
oft times my ſelf to get,
Unto this place I wonted am,
and flowers vp to take:
Of diuers hewes amyd the meades
head garlandes for to make.
Willing therfore with all my hearte,
to aunſwere thy requeſt:
I am for olde men all to chatte
it doth delight vs beſt.
But leaſt by ſome that paſſe the waye,
we here diſturbed be:
Let vs goe hence, and vnderneath

the

the shaded holme tree
That by the waters syde thou seest:
our selues we wyll repose.
Wt wēt and thus with pleasant voice
his mynde he gan disclose.
Some god young man thee hither now
assuredly hath sent
Wherby this day ꝑ myghte perceaue
by wisdome what is ment.
For O the gods in what a mist:
and darkenes of the mynde
Is drent as now the whole estate,
of mortall hommyn kynde.
Of them that beare the face of men
two thousande thou maist see:
But one that shewes hymself a manne
is scacely found to bee.
A denne of doltes that nowe the world
may termed be full well:
And place with errors stuft therfore
geue eare what I thee tell.
If wretched darkenes frō thy mynde
thou seekest to expell.
And first of all thou ought to knowe,
the true felicitie:
Which with a reason firme and good,
ought searched foorth to be:

Herof doth wiſdom ſtoo ſo ſtraunge,
herof ſhe dothe appeare:
But fewe there be that can attayne,
the truthe alwaye to beare.
For riches to be chiefeſt good,
the greateſt ſorte do ſaye:
An other parte dothe honour take,
to be the chefeſt waye.
And dyuers men in diuers thynges,
the chefeyſt good doe fynde:
But I the price aboue the reſte,
to pleaſure haue aſſygnde.
And this my parte I truſte I can,
bye reaſon good defende:
It is the marke that all ſhote att,
and eke the fynall ende.
To which, the actes and dedes of men,
bee altogether bente:
Euen as, vnto thappoynted marke,
the ſhoters ſhafte is ſente.
Who euer would the earth with rakes
or Seas with Oares haue tryed:
Or martyall power by force of armes,
who durſte haue occupied:
In fine, who euer would haue ſought,
vertue to come vnto,
If pleaſure than or hope thereof,

dyd

dyd not enforce hym for
For this the chiefe begynning is,
the myddl and eke the ende
Of laboures al, for profe therof,
thy mynde a whyle attende.
All workes yf thagent reason haue,
vnto some ende are bonne.
The workemās hādes it mones therto,
and fyrſt in mynde begonne
It is: But laſt of all the deade,
it ſelfe comes forthe to lyght:
The ende therof is good therfore,
the worke doth more delyght.
The wyl therof, with great delyght,
the ende for to obtayne:
Dothe force the labour lyght to be,
the cauſe is pleaſure playne.
For trulye nothynge els it is,
but pleaſure of the mynde:
And ſynce by reaſon harde it is,
to teache the rude and blynde.
I wyl attempt by ſymilytudes,
the truthe for to declare:
Why delues the plowmās clubbiſhe hād,
& tcares the earth w ſhares
For all the heate of flamynge dogge,
hys worke he doth not ſpare:

nothyng doth more infect:
Nor nothing more than this declares,
a vile vnworthy brest.
So women aged men and boyes,
do couet most alwaies:
Because they lack both strength & wyt
in myndc and haue no stayes.
An other vice contrary now,
to this doth yet remayne:
This same from thee to banishe quyte,
thy sences looke thou straine.
If thou doest spende withoute respecte,
in vaine thou shalt beholde:
An hungred eft anothers spitte,
with deintyes manifolde,
When all thy liuing quite is spent,
by riote cleane destroyde:
Betwene them both the vertue lyes,
the vice therefore auoide.
As reason doth require so geue,
and euermore take heede:
Be not to bolde to vse excesse,
within thy tether seede.
This cride hath riches we are bounde,
all men to profite thee:
But first our owne dame nature sure,
hath vs creates so.

That

That not alone to vs and ours,
we ſhould ranne headlong be:
But alſo if that powre wyll helpe,
to all of eche degree.
What thing more famous is there this
what more deſerues the place?
Of gods aboue then for to helpe,
the poores afflicted caſe.
So ſhall the people honour vs,
to get we fame thereby:
And by ſuche actes to gods ful oft,
we ſee do many flie.
Nothing doth more a man become,
nothing for hym more mete,
As ſayth the olde and auncient ſchole,
of Philoſophers ſwete:
Then man to ayde and ſuccoure ſoone,
his felow faine to grounde.
But now alas O dolefull tymes,
and faſhions nothing ſounde.
All godlines is cleane extinct,
to no man geues doubtleſſe:
The welthye wretche although he hath
wherewith to geue exceſſe.
Of no man tho he pitie hath,
all heartes doe yron ſeme:
Who geueth the begger nowe a myte,

their teares they nought eſteme.
If ought thei giue to ſcoffers nowe,
or els to rakehel knaues:
They doe it deale to Colmon birdes,
and eke to baudye ſlaues.
No man doth geue the learned oughte,
the muſes be deſpyſed
In euery place, ſome one we ſee,
ſo muche hath exercyſed,
The dyſe and tables tyl his purſe,
at length the gorge dothe caſte:
So oft an other dyes at cardes,
tyll all his goodes bee paſte.
And is not this a greater ſhame
thus money for to ſpende:
Whereby no honour is obtaynde,
nor thanke is got at thende:
O mynde forgetting god and eke,
with vices vile defylde:
And is it lawfull this to doe,
didſte thou not once a chylde,
Come naked from thy mothers wombe
and ſhalt returne agayne:
Reſolued vnto durtye earth,
from whence thou camſte certayne:
O foole theſe goodes be none of thyne,
but vnderneath the hande:

Of

Of god aboue and thou but beare,
a ſtrannger in the lande.
And burſter for a while of them,
ne be the goodes at all:
But onely now the vſe of them,
to our ſubiection thrall.
For when the Greſilde Charon olde
ſhall beare thee paſte the lake:
By which the gods aboue to ſweare,
doe tremble eft and quake,
Then beare þ wretch to other heyres
the goodes thou ſhalt forſake.
Wherefore we ought to vſe them well,
whyle lyne of lyfe doth laſte:
In occupying about our ſelues,
and helpyng others faſt.
Now haue I wel declarde I thinke,
yf ryches ought to be:
Accompted for the chiefeſte goodes,
all men may plainly ſee.
By bote drawe backe we haue aſſayde,
The ſeas ſufficiently:
Lo cauſyng clouddes the ſutherne winde
begynneth faſte to flye.
Vpſuckt the cloudes from out the ſeas,
the whyrlwyndes vp doe beare:
Which doth declare a ſtorme to come,

not

not best we tarye heare.
Beleue me now for feare I feare,
to hyppe vntruely Dian:
Whilste tyme we haue leaue dispatche
to porte and get vs gon.
When as the banisht cloudes aboue,
shall make the daye be layre:
Then Triton shall vs call from hye,
and we to seas repayre;

¶ The thyrde booke entituled. Memini.

WAyling was ỹ dawnig day,
& fading starres did shine:
The heauēs hee of Titā tho
& haise to apeare begunne,
To thē ỹ vnder vs do dwel
and haise discerne our eyes,
I merualde muche to see as then,
the fyre vp to ryse.
Amid the cloudes vnquenched thus,
These contraries no doubt:
Eche other now doe quite destroy,
but is the sunne put out.
With cloudes it is no fiery thing,

or

Or els to tutche the brinke:
Of Occean sea, the common sort to lye?
thus did I thinke.
While as by chaze I walked alone,
beholde there gan me meete:
An aged man with staffe in hand,
in clothure net and shete.
His hoary beard with siluer heares,
his middle fully rought:
His skin was white and ioyfull face,
of diuers coulours wrought,
A flowry garlande gay he ware,
about his semely heare:
When as we met, and made vnto
eche other frendly cheare.
Frō whēce I came, what place I seke,
my name he doth desyre:
I answered him, and syd the lyke,
with shamefast voice requyre.
But after that he had declared,
his proper name certayne:
For Epicure this man he heyght:
I was astonyshed plaine.
Like as the poore, and labouring soule,
In deluyng of the grounde:
A hydden Chest amydde the earth,
by luckye chaunce hath founde.

And thus I saide good father olde,
such favour mayst thou finde
Amongst the gods that al thynges wel
may satisfye thy minde.
Syth wisdom great and wondrous ele
within thy brest dothe dwell,
If frailty men doe not affyrme:
as eft they doe. Now tell
Unto me here I thee beseche,
of grace the good preceptes:
With witty sawes and eke instruct
my youth yf nothynge lets
Your waighty affaires: quod he agayn,
no weightye affayres me let,
But for that carcs and worke I shunne
oft times my self to get,
Unto this place I wonted am,
and flowers up to take:
Of diuers hewes amyd the meades
head garlandes for to make.
Willing therfore with all my hearte,
to aunswere thy request:
I am for olde men all to chatte
it doth delight us best.
But least by some that passe the waye,
we here disturbed be:
Let us goe hence, and underneath

the

the shaded holmye tree
That by the waters syde thou sittst:
our selues we wyll repose.
We wēt and thus with pleasant voice
his mynde he gan disclose.
Some god young man thee hither now
assuredly hath sent
Wherby this day ꝯ myghte perceaue
by wisdome what is ment.
For O the gods in what a mist:
and darkenes of the mynde
Is drent as now the whole estate,
of mortall humayn kynde.
Of them that beare the face of men
two thousande thou maist see:
But one that shewes hymself a manne
is scacely found to bee.
A denne of doltes that now we the world
may termed be full well:
And place with errors stuft therfore
geue eare what I thee tell.
If wretched darkenes frō thy mynde
thou seekst to erpell.
And first of all thou ought to knowe,
the true felicitie:
Which with a reason firme and good,
ought searched foorth to be:

Hereof doth wiſdom ſtoke in ſtraunge,
herein ſhe doth appeare:
But fewe there be that can attayne,
the truthe alwaye to beare.
For riches to be chiefeſt good,
the greateſt ſorte do ſaye:
An other parte doth honour take,
to be the cheefeſt waye.
And diuers men in diuers thynges,
the cheefeſt good doe fynde:
But I the price aboue the reſte,
to pleaſure haue aſſygnde.
And this my parte I truſte I can,
bye reaſon good defende:
It is the marke that all ſhote att,
and eke the fynall ende.
To which, the actes and dedes of men,
dee altogether bente:
Euen as, vnto thappoynted marke,
the ſhoters ſhafte is ſente.
Who euer would the earth with rakes
or Seas with Oares haue tryed:
Or martyall power by force of armes,
who durſte haue occupied:
In fine, who euer would haue ſought,
vertue to come vnto,
If pleaſure than or hope thereof,

dyd

dyd not enforce hym for
For this the chiefe beginning is,
the myddl and eke the ende
Of laboures al, for profe therof,
thy mynde a whyle attende.
All workes yt thagent reason haue,
vnto some ende are bonne.
The workemās hādes it mones therto,
and fyrſt in mynde begonne
It is: But laſt of all the deade,
it ſelfe comes forthe to lyght:
The ende therof is good therfore,
the worke doth more delyght.
The wyl therof, with great delyght,
the ende for to obtayne:
Dothe force the labour lyght to be,
the cauſe is pleaſure playne.
For truly nothynge els it is,
but pleaſure of the mynde:
And ſynce by reaſon harde it is,
to teache the rude and blynde.
I wyl attempt by ſymilytudes,
the truthe for to declare:
Why delues the plowmās clubbiſhe (hād,
& teares the earth w̄ ſharee
For all the heate of flaminge dogge,
hys worke he doth not ſpare:

Nor hoyy wyntet frotte. Why feare
the ſhypman not in mynde:
The ragyng rage of ſurgyng ſeas,
with threatnyng Rocks ſo blinde
Deſpyſing death at hande in hope,
of maſſe with layly pyne:
Why dothe the Captaine to the feilde,
hys manfull mynde enclyne:
And ſyerſlye doth reioyce, when as
he heares the Trompettes blow:
Wyth hynieng noyſe of ſownyng hoyſe,
hys harte begynnes to glow.
Whye doth it ſome delyght allwayes,
with papers pale to be,
And bookes of dyuers authoys made,
with dayly payne to ſee:
Certes for that that after tyme,
when laboures long departe:
Som gayn or fame may gipe him cauſe
for to reioyce in harte.
For if ſo be that fame and gayne,
ſhould not the mynde accende:
With Joy bothe vertue & artes withall,
would ſoone be at an ende.
For of it ſelfe the ende is ſweete
and for the ende is thought:
Bothe middeſt & formes factes ſo ſweete,

it

it ſuyteth alſo nought.
Of vyle or els of honeſt ſtate,
the deades do ſeame to be:
For as the lewde lycencious man,
reioyſeth lyke to ſee.
In vertue lykewyſe euermore,
the goodmans Ioyes doe ſtand:
All thinges therfore for pleaſures ſake,
we ſurely take in hande.
For pleaſure men beclyne frō harmes,
for this they gaynes requyre:
Thinges worthy praiſe or els reprache
throughe this they doe deſyre.
With onelye this the Goddes aboue,
contented ſurely bee:
For profyt is for them vnmeete,
ſpace nought they lacke we ſee.
But thou perchaunce wilt ſay the gods
with honeſt Ioyes habounde:
what then? If with ſuche ioyful goods,
in them no Ioye is founde?
As yf thou ſhuldeſt with glittering gold
and pearles a ſtocke aray.
An other thing heare ad, as ofte,
as cauſe be perfecte may,
Vnnedefull is the lyke effecte,
from thence ſhould then proceade:

when

When as therefore that power of hyt,
is well disposed in deede.
And chiefest good object to it,
it always doth remaine:
What this is happiest happinesse,
denieth no man plaine.
But now from out such fountaine,
is pleasure rightly to ruine:
With musicke so the eares delyted,
of numbers apt begonne.
So is the sighte with beautie pleased,
the nose with goodly smel:
This judgement eke I doe pronounce,
of other partes as well.
What saiste thou now to Venus worke,
that creatures all doth make?
And this the pleasauntst pleasure is,
except thou truely forsake.
Moreouer yet both paine, and griefe,
sithe greatest yls there be:
Contrary eke to pleasure now,
by right we pleasure see.
To be the chiefest good deserues,
of contraries also:
The reason lyke contrary is,
that sad thinges to forgo.
By natures forse all thinges doe seke,

and

and ſpirituall to embrace:
yet he may beleeue that ſpeech hath,
Inuiſible force: that ſtirres mens minds
The chriſtall ſpring reſembles it in,
that trembling all doe ſeeme:
But what ſome ſhew, as ſoone they die,
has ſmall diſcipline to proue:
That loue purely vertue ſeeke againe.
ſome ſhew that to die that ſaye:
By ſweet and euill both the heare like,
and ſpirituall ſtrong euills ſtrong.
And after death they hope loue light,
of perfect plentuous ſpace:
Which God to thank that he hym loue,
ſuffiſes both to ſpeak.
This voice inuocation can not ſtande,
but ſhe does it ſelfe as vaine:
For that the fable hath after line,
Liber death the corps hath ſlayne.
Or that it lurkes in lothſome lake,
of Lethets gaſtly denne:
And pales the paines of his deſertes,
and ſakes rewardes as then
Of former faultes aught none beleue,
except his ſences ſaue:
O fooles it is your poets mad,
that haue theſe fables made.

yet he

Who euer wonted were to inuente
ſuche fooliſh fayned toyes,
Wherby thei might deſigne the eares
of fooles with fruſtrate ioyes.
The yrkſome place they fayned haue,
of ſtygian tiraunt fell:
Where flames & floods of phlegethis
that burnes with roaryng yell:
Where as the triple headed hag,
and Tiſiphone doth dwell,
With adders armed of grayned heare,
and greſlly grayned great:
With dreadfull darkenes boyd of lyghte
and fyres whoſe flamyng heat
Conſumes no wood, where fryeth colde
without the wynters ſpace:
The bote without the force of ſire
beare creketh in this place,
Whilſte her with ſoules dothe ouerlode
the aged Ferinan:
Heare Siſiphus the ſtone tormentes
and Tantale waters wanne,
The ſiſtye riſtye veſſelles heare,
matemurdring ſiſters beare.
From whence the waters out do guſh,
that kept in hayne are there.
Much more than I haue heare declarde
theſe

thoſe goddeſſes that haue thought,
in hel to be, whether ſhe were ſome,
of children to be thought.
O gods beſide graunt a locke of hell
there is inough in plane,
how prone the way to trifles is,
and credite you this rule,
O holde of ſinne whiche neuer ſhoulde
by reaſon ought be proued.
For by no ſenſe may be deſtroyde
with feare why not you moued?
Of thinges ſo vaine, into erebius moſt
is meete himſelfe bereaued:
Theſe are all ſafe deceitfull thinges,
whereby be paſſeth releaſed.
For when that once our vitall breath,
is faded cleane away,
No more we be then firſt we were
before our natal daie.
O to muche weake to fraile and proud
O nature holde of man:
Whereby doeſt thou perſwade thy ſelf
to liue for euer than?
Leaue of therefore thou lumpe of claye
the yeares of gods to wyll,
All thinges begonne ſhall haue an ende
nothyng remayneth ſtyll.

Bothe

Both cities great, and mighty mures,
and daſhyng realmes withall.
The hautieſt ſpyles and greateſt ſtoure
doth tyme at length let fall.
And thinkeſt thou (O fadyng duſte)
for aye ſtil to remaine?
Is hope of myne with thee ſo greate,
we tranſito but in vaine.
In truſting dreames for vertues ſake,
and fayning fancies ſtrange:
Thei be but fooles that things aſſured,
for vnaſſures wyl chaunge.
Forſakyng thing aſſertayne here,
with doubtfull thynges to mete.
But yet of olde, and auncient fame,
rewardes remayneth ſweete.
Of little force this nothing is,
when death hath had his right
Thou nothing art, for what is fame,
yf it bee nought delight?
The corps in graue, what doth ſtone
or ſtocke reioyce in prayſe?
If here thou haſt not them, thou ſhalte
haue neuer happy dayes.
Therefore whyle this our brittle lyfe,
vncertayne eke doth laſte:
The wyſe man, to his power wyll ioy:
nor

nor ſtraytꝛ wyll downe be caſt.
As oft as fortune an hym frownes,
wyl ſeke the pleaſaunt life:
If any thyng to hym ſhall happe,
of bitter eygre ſtrife.
Wherfore becauſe I wyll not now,
the fruſtrate here retayne:
(O yong man) ioy while time permits,
and baniſh doleſull payne.
When theſe his wordes my herded ſire
had moued me to beleue:
Good father then (quod I) for theſe
thy paynes I cannot geue
The worthy thanks, but whilſt I liue,
I ſhall to thee be bounde,
Within my heart, and eke I ſhall,
reſerue thy ſayinges ſounde.
One doubt within my breſt dothe yet,
aſſuredly remayne:
For not the dedes we onely muſt,
but learne them to obtayne.
Therefore I doe requyre you now,
to teache me heare the way:
That wyl me leade to pleaſures place,
whereby it haue I may.
The wayꝛ is ſhort and playne withal,
then greyberde to me tels:

not

And thus I saide good father olde,
such fauour mayst thou finde
Amongst the gods that al thynges wel
may satisfye thy minde.
Syth wisdom great and wondrous rare
within thy brest dothe dwell,
If faulty men doe not amysse:
as eft they doe. Now tell
Unto me here I thee beseche,
of grace the good preceptest
With witty sawes and eke instruct
my youth yf nothynge lets
Thy waighty affaires: quod he agayn,
no weighdye affayres me let,
But for that cares and worke I shunne
oft times my self to get,
Unto this place I wonted am,
and flowers vp to take:
Of diuers hewes amyd the meades
head garlandes for to make.
Willing therfore with all my hearte,
to aunswere thy request:
I am for olde men all to chatte
it doth delight vs best.
Yet least by some that passe the waye,
we here disturbed be:
Let vs goe hence, and vndermeath

the

the ſhaded holmye tree
That by the waters ſyde thou ſeeſt:
our ſelues we wyll repoſe.
Whe wēt and thus with pleaſant voice
his mynde he gan diſcloſe.
Some god young man thee hither now
aſſuredly hath ſent:
Wherby this day ꝑ mygbte perceaue
by wiſdome what is ment.
For O the gods in what a miſt:
and darkenes of the mynde
Is drent as now the whole eſtate,
of moꝛtall hummayn kynde.
Of them that beare the face of men
two thouſande thou maiſt ſee:
But one that ſhewes hymſelf a manne
is ſcacely found to bee.
A denne of doltes that nowe the woꝛld
may termed be full well:
And place with erroꝛs ſtuft therfoꝛe
geue eare what I thee tell.
If wꝛetched darkenes frō thy mynde
thou ſeekeſt to erpell.
And firſt of all thou ought to knowe,
the true felicitie:
Which with a reaſon firme and good,
ought ſearched foꝛth to be:

Hereof doth wiſdom ſtoke to frames,
herreof ſhe bothe appeare:
But fewe there be that can attayne,
the truthe alwaye to beare.
For riches to be chiefeſt good,
the greateſt ſorte do ſaye:
An other parte bothe honour take,
to be the cheefeſt waye.
And diuers men in diuers thynges,
the cheefeyſt good doe fynde:
But I the price aboue the reſte,
to pleaſure haue aſſygnde.
And this my parte I truſte I can,
bye reaſon good defende:
It is the marke that all ſhote atte,
and eke the fynall ende.
To which, the actes and dedes of men,
dee altogether bente:
Euen as, vnto thappoynted marke,
the ſhoters ſhafte is ſente.
Who euer would the earth with rakes
or Seas with Oares haue tryed:
Or martyall power by force of armes,
who durſte haue occupied:
In fyne, who euer would haue ſought,
vertue to come vnto,
If pleaſure than or hope thereof,

dyd

dyd not enforce hym for
For this the chiefe beginning is,
the myddl and eke the ende
Of labours al, for profe therof,
thy mynde a whyle attende.
All workes yf thagent reason haue,
vnto some ende are bonne.
The workemās hādes it mones therto,
and fyrſt in mynde begonne
It is: But laſt of all the deade,
it ſelfe comes forthe to lyght:
The ende therof is good therfore,
the worke doth more delyght.
The wyl therof, with great delyght,
the ende for to obtayne:
Dothe force the laboure lyght to be,
the cauſe is pleaſure playne.
For trulye nothynge els it is,
but pleaſure of the mynde:
And ſynce by reaſon harde it is,
to teache the rude and blynde.
I wyl attempt by ſymlytudes,
the truthe for to declare:
Why delues the plowmās clubbiſhe (hād,
& teares the earth w̄ hard
For all the heate of flaminge dogge,
hys worke he doth not ſpare:

Nor hoyy wynter frostie. Why feare
the shypman not in mynde:
The ragyng rage of surgyng seas,
with threatnyng Rocks so blinde
Despysing death at hande in hope,
of masse with sayly pyne:
Why bothe the Captaine to the feilde,
hys manfull myndе encline?
And syerslye doth reioyce, when as
he heares the Trumpettes blow:
Wyth hynieng noyse of foamyng hoyse,
hys harte begynnes to glow.
Whye doth it some delyght alwayes,
with papers pale to be,
And bookes of dyuers authoys made,
with sayly payne to see:
Certes for that that after tyme,
when labоures long departe:
Som gayn or fame may gipe hym cause
for to reioyce in harte.
For if so be that fame and gayne,
should not the mynde accende:
With Joy bothe vertue & artes withall,
would soone be at an ende.
For of it selfe the ende is swete
and for the ende is thought:
Bothe middest & formers factes so swete,

it

it ſuyteth alſo nought.
Of byle or elſe of honeſt ſtate,
the deades do ſeame to be:
For as the lewde lycencious mynd,
reioyſeth byce to ſee.
In bertue lykewyſe euermore,
the goodmans Ioyes doe ſtand:
All thinges therfore for pleaſures ſake,
we ſurely take in hande.
For pleaſure men decryne frō harmes,
for this they gaynes requyre:
Thinges worthy prayſe or elſe reprache
throughe this they doe deſyre.
With onelye this the Goddes aboue,
contented ſurely beer.
For profyt is for them vnmeete,
ſyuce nought they lacke we ſee.
But thou perchaunce wilt ſay the gods
with honeſt Ioyes habounde:
what then? If with ſuche ioyful goods,
in them no Ioye is founde:
As yf thou ſhuldeſt with glittering gold
and pearles a ſtocke aray.
An other thing heare ad, as ofte,
as cauſe be perfecte may,
It nedefull is the lyke effecte,
from thence ſhould them procrabe:

when

When as therefore that power of hyt,
is wel disposed in deede.
And chiefest good obiect to it,
it alwayes doth remaine:
That this is happiest happinesse,
denieth no man plaine.
But now from wat liche fountaine log
is pleasure rightly to ruinne:
With musicke is the eares delyte,
of numbers apt begonne.
So is the sighte with beautie pleasde,
the nose with goodly smel:
This iudgement eke I doe pronounce,
of other partes as well.
What saiste thou now to Venus worke
that creatures all doth make?
And this the pleasaunt pleasure is,
except thou truely forsake.
Moreouer yet both paine, and griefe,
sithe greatest yis thei be:
Contrary eke to pleasure now,
by right we pleasure see.
To be the chiefest good deserues,
of contraries also:
The reason lyke contrary is,
that sad thinges to forgo.
By natures forte all thinges doe seke,

and

[illegible] to enioye:
yt he may beleue that once lyued he,
[illegible]
The chiefe[illegible] therefore is,
that treasures all vse ignor
But what loue they, or felse they lie,
but [illegible] to proue
That hee [illegible] bertue strike agayne.
some [illegible]
By swet and [illegible]
and [illegible]
And after [illegible]
[illegible]
With hiche god to thank that he hym loue,
[illegible]
This boies [illegible] can not stande,
but [illegible]
For that the [illegible]
[illegible]
Or that it lurkes in lothsome lake,
of Lazarus [illegible]
And paies the paines of his [illegible]
and [illegible]
Of former [illegible]
except his sences [illegible]
O fooles it is your [illegible]
that haue these fables made.

[illegible] he

Who euer wonted here to inuent
ſuche fooliſh fayned toyes,
Whereby thei might deiuyde the eares
of fooles with fruſtrate ioyes.
The yrkſome place they fayned haue,
of ſtygian tiraunt ſelf:
Whose flames & floods of Phlegethon
that burnes with roaryng yell:
Whereas the triple headed dog,
and Tiſiphone doth dwell,
With adders armde of grayuen heire,
and greſlly grauntes great:
With dreadfull darkenes voyd of lyghte
and fyres whoſe flamyng heat
Conſumes no wood, where fryſeth cold
without the wynters ſpace:
The bote without the force of ſhe
beare creketh in this place,
Whilſte her with ſoules dothe ouerlode
the aged Ferriman:
Heare Siſiphus the ſtone tormentes
and Tantale waters wanne,
The ſiſtye riſtye veſſelles heare,
matemurdring ſiſters beare.
From whence the waters out do guſh,
that kept in hayne are there.
Much more than I haue heare declarde
theſe

thefe ſhoulde ſlye haue ſought,
In hel to be, whiche are not mine,
of children to be thought.
O gods beine graunt a locke of yeth
there is no more plaine,
how prone the way to trifling is,
and eyther you this rede,
O wolde of wits whiche neuer rules
by reaſon ought be proued.
For by no ſence may be beſtrude
with feare why are you moued
Of thinges ſo beinge, whe creatour muſt
is made himſelfe beloued;
Theſe are I ſaie deceitfull thinges,
wherby he priſtes releaſed.
For when that once our vitall breath,
is faded cleane away,
No more we be then firſt we were
before our natal daie.
O to muche weake to fraile and proud
O nature beide of man:
Whereby doeſt thou perſwade thy ſelf
to liue for euer than?
Leaue of therefore thou lumpe of claye
the yeares of gods to wyll,
All thinges begonne ſhall haue an ende
nothyng remayneth ſtyll.

Wothe

Both cities great, and mighty menne,
and eastren realmes withall.
The hautiest hylles and greatest stones
doth tyme at length bee fall.
And thinkest thou (O fayning hartes)
for ever to remaine?
In hope of myne with thee to greate,
we trauaile but in vaine.
In trusting vayanes for vertues sake,
and fayning fancies strange:
Thei be but fooles that things assured,
for vnassured wyl chaunge.
Forsakyng thing assertayne here,
with doubtfull thynges to mete.
But yet of olde, and auncient fame,
rewardes remayneth swete.
Of little force this nothing is,
when death hath had his right
Thou nothing art, for what is fame,
yf it bee nought delight?
The corps in graue, what doth y stone
or Rocke reioyce in prayes?
If here thou hast not them, thou shalte
haue neuer happy dayes.
Therefore whyle this our brittle lyfe,
vncertayne eke doth laste:
The wyse man, to his power wyll ioy:

nor

nor ſtrayte wyll downe be caſt.
As oft as fortune an hym frowneſ,
wyl ſeke the pleaſaunt life:
yf any thyng to hym ſhall happe,
of bitter eygre ſtrife.
Wherfore becauſe I wyll not now,
the fruſtrate here retayne:
(O yong man) ioy while time permits,
and baniſh dolefull payne.
When theſe his wordes my berded ſire
had moued me to beleue:
Good father then (quod I) for theſe
thy paynes I cannot geue
The worthy thanks, but whilſt I liue,
I ſhall to thee be bounde,
Within my heart, and ete I ſhall,
reſerue thy ſayinges ſounde.
One doubt within my breſt dothe yet,
aſſuredly remayne:
For not the dedes we onely muſt,
but learne them to obtayne.
Therefore I doe requyre you now,
to teache me heare the way:
That wyl me leade to pleaſures place,
whereby it haue I may.
The waye is ſhort and playne withal,
then greyberde to me tels:

not

Not farre from hence voluptuouſneſſe,
that luſty Ladie dwels.
Whom if thou doeſt deſire to ſee,
come after me a pace
Whereby thou maiſt by the reioyce,
in finding out her grace:
One part of thys the ſtarry ozbes,
had ſcarce paſt ouer than:
When ſtackring by himſelf dyd rayſe
thun weldy aged man,
Who leading foozth I followed on,
and hand in hand we went,
By ſtrange vnhaunted waies we goe,
and ſpace a litle ſpent:
Beholde appeares a ſumptuous houſe
and ſtreight I aſke my guyde,
What owner kepes that pzecious gem
and pzincely palace wyde.
Plutus quod he poſſeſſeth this,
and eke an armed knyght,
The way to kepe and men to paſſe,
fozbiddeth by his might.
Except they come hym firſt vnto,
and pleaſe hym with ſome gift,
But he himſelfe doth hold his hall,
amid yon towzy clift,
Thze doughters eke he only hath,

with

within his bowre to dwell:
whose names if thou desire to know,
I shall thee briefly tel.
The first of them is filthy excesse,
the seconde pusles pride:
The third is foolysh ignorance,
with countenaunce bolde beside,
Who then quod I shall leade us rode,
unto this famous kyng?
Thre maides he hath quod gresil thee,
that thereto wyll thee bryng.
Chance, fraude, and usury, by these
haue al men easye way,
I haue no giftes then aunswerd I
that geue these maydes I may.
Nor sale it is suche girles to trust
some other waye declare:
There is quod he another way,
there is a way to spare,
Which if thou sayst the wood, we goe
lead me therto quod I:
Together both we went therewyth,
where depe a dale did lye
With stones the way was al beset,
by whiche our iourney laie,
And so begrowne with crabbed thorns
that scarce we see the waye.

Hereby

Nor horye wynter frosse. Why learns
the shypman not in mynde:
The ragyng rage of surgyng seas,
with threatnyng Rocks so blinde
Despysing death at hande in hope,
of masse with sayly pyne:
Why dothe the Captaine to the feilde,
hys manfull mynde enclyne?
And syerslye doth reioyce, when as
he heares the Trumpettes blow:
Wyth hynieng noyse of sownyng horse,
hys harte begynnes to glow.
Whye doth it some delyght alwayes,
with papers pale to be,
And bookes of dyuers authors made,
with dayly payne to see?
Certes for that that after tyme,
when labours long departe:
Som gayn or fame may gyue hym cause
for to reioyce in harte.
For if so be that fame and gayne,
should not the minde accende:
With Joy bothe vertue & artes withall,
would soone be at an ende.
For of it selfe the ende is swete
and for the ende is thought:
Bothe middest & former factes so swete,

it

it ſuyteth alſo nought.
Of byle or els of honeſt ſtate,
the deades do ſeame to be:
For as the lewde lycencious man,
reioyſeth byce to ſee.
In vertue lykewyſe euermore,
the goodmans Ioyes doe ſtand:
All thinges therfore for pleaſures ſake,
we ſurely take in hande.
For pleaſure men declyne frō harmes,
for this they gaynes requyre:
Thinges worthy praiſe or els reprofe
throughe this they doe deſyre.
With onelye this the Goddes aboue,
contented ſurely bee:
For profyt is for them vnmeete,
ſpace nought they lacke we ſee.
But thou perchaunce wilt ſay the gods
with honeſt Ioyes habounde:
what then? If with ſuche ioyful goods,
in them no Ioye is founde:
As yf thou ſhuldeſt with gliſtering gold
and pearles a ſtocke aray.
An other thing beare ad, as ofte,
as cauſe he perfecte may,
Vnnedefull is the lyke effecte,
from thence ſhould then proceade:

when

When as therefore that ſtate of life,
is well diſpoſed in deede.
And chiefeſt good obiect to it,
it alwayes doth retaine:
That this is happieſt happineſſe,
denieth no man plaine.
But now from whence ſuche fountaines ſpring
is pleaſure hyghe to raiſe:
With muſicke ſo the eares reioyce,
of numbers apte dyſpoſde.
So is the ſyghte with beautie pleaſde,
the noſe with goodly ſmel:
This iudgement lyke I doe pronounce,
of other partes as well.
What ſaiſte thou noth to Natures worke
that creatures all doth make?
And this the pleaſauncte pleaſure is,
except thou truethe forſake.
Moreouer yet both paine, and griefe,
ſince greateſt yls thei be:
Contrary ethe to pleaſure now,
by right we pleaſure ſee.
To be the chiefeſt good deſerues,
of contraries alſo:
The reaſon lyke contrary is,
that ſad thinges to forgo.
By natures forte all thinges doe ſeke,

and

and ſtraunge to embrace:
All he may beleue that euer loued ſo,
Inuocable that ſtraunge grace
The chriſtall ſpring therein he ſaw,
That ſtraunge alone louer
But what loue they, as ſoone they ſaw,
Did ſtraightway creepe to proue
That his ſimple nature ſtrike agreed.
Some ſay the water that ſame
By ſweet and coſtly odour heate kindled
And ſpirit ſtolen cauſe ſtrong.
And after death they ſaye his ghoſt,
Of perfit pleaſure ſpie:
Which god to thank that ſo him lou'd,
Hys paines hath eaſe gone.
This voice inſeparable can not ſtande,
But ſhe does it ſelfe as vaine:
For that the ſoule doth after liue,
When death the corps hath ſlayne,
Or that it lurkes in lothſome lake,
Of Lethaeus griſly denne:
And pales the paines of his deſertes,
And feeles rewardes as then
Of former faultes ought none beleue,
Except his ſences faile:
O fooles it is your wordes mad,
That haue theſe fables made.

All he

Who euer wonted were to inuente
such foolysh fayned toyes,
Whereby thei might deiuyde the eares
of fooles with fruitrate ioyes.
The yrkesome place they fayned haue,
of Stygian tiraunt still:
Where flames & sconds of phlegethon
that burnes with rearyng yell:
Whereas the triple headed dog,
and Tisiphone doth dwell,
With adders armde of payntid helue,
and grisly grauntes great:
With dreadfull darkenes boyd of lyghte
and fyres whose flamyng heat
Consumes no wood, where fryseth cold
without the wynters space:
The bote without the faire of ske
beare creketh in this place,
Whilste her with soules bothe ouerlode
the aged Feriman:
Heare Sisiphus the stone tormentes
and Tantale waters wanne,
The sistye ristye vesselles heare,
matemurdryng sisters beare.
From whence the waters out do gush,
that kept in hayne are there.
Much more than I haue heare declarde
thes

thefe ꝓuiderye ſhe haue ſought,
In hel to be, wherfore are we not ſure,
Of ſtilnes to be thought.
O gods holde graue a locke of hell
there is to many place,
How ꝓone the way to trifles is,
and ſpedie you this caſe,
O holde of late wherche neuer cease
by reaſon ought be ꝓuede.
For by no ſence may be beſtrude
with feare why we you moued
Of thinges ſo vaine, whe creatiue muſt
is made himſelfe beſeemes
Theſe are all fate deceitfull thinges,
whereby he pacſes releaſes.
For when that once our vitall breath,
is faded cleane away,
No more we be then firſt we were
before our natal daie.
O to muche weake to fraile and ꝓoud
O nature holde of man:
Whereby doeſt thou perſwade thy ſelf
to liue for euer thane
Leaue of therefore thou lumpe of claye
the yeares of gods to wyll,
All thinges begonne ſhall haue an ende
nothyng remayneth ſtyll.

Bothe

Both cities great, and mighty mures,
and large realmes withall.
The hautieſt hylles and greateſt ſtones
doth tyme at length let fall.
And thinkeſt thou (O fayre dame)
for euer ſtill remaine?
Is hope of myne with thee ſo great,
ſhe tranſite but in vaine.
In truſting dreames for vertues ſake,
and fauoring fancies ſtrange:
Thei be but fooles that things aſſured,
for vnaſſured chaunge.
Forſakyng thing aſſertayne here,
with doubtfull thynges to mete.
But yet of olde, and auncient fame,
rewardes remayneth ſweete.
Of little force this nothing is,
when death hath had his right
Thou nothing art, for what is fame,
if it doe nought delight?
The corps in graue, what doth it ſtone
or ſlacke reioyce in prayers?
If here thou haſt not them, thou ſhalt
haue neuer happy dayes.
Therefore whyle this our brittle lyfe,
vncertayne eke doth laſte:
The wyſe man, to his power wyll ioy:
nor

nor ſtrayte wyll downe be caſt.
As oft as fortune an hym frownes,
wyl ſeke the pleaſaunt life:
If any thyng to hym ſhall happe,
of bitter eygre ſtrife.
Wherfore becauſe I wyll not now,
the fruſtrate here retayne:
(O yong man) ioy while time permits,
and baniſh dolefull payne.
When theſe his wordes my herded ſire
had moued me to beleue:
Good father then (quod I) for theſe
thy paynes I cannot geue
The worthy thanks, but whilſt I liue,
I ſhall to thee be bounde,
Within my heart, and ele I ſhall,
reſerue thy ſayinges ſounde.
One doubt within my breſt dothe yet,
aſſuredly remayne:
For not the dedes we onely muſt,
but learne them to obtayne.
Therefore I doe requyre you now,
to teache me heare the way:
That wyl me leade to pleaſures place,
whereby it haue I may.
The waye is ſhort and playne withal,
then greyberde to me tels:

not

Not farre from hence voluptuouſneſſe,
that luſty Ladie dwels.
Whom if thou doeſt deſire to ſee,
come after me a pace
Whereby thou maiſt by the reſpyce,
in finding out her grace:
One part of thyꝛe the ſtarry oꝛbes,
had ſcarce paſt ouer than:
When ſtackring vp hymſelf dyd rayſe
thunweldy aged man,
Who leading foꝛth I folowed on,
and hand in hand we went,
By ſtrange vnhaunted waies we goe,
and ſpace a litle ſpent:
Beholde appeares a ſumptuous houſe
and ſtreight I aſke my guyde,
What owner kepes that pꝛecious gem
and pꝛincely palace wyde.
Plutus quod he poſſeſſeth this,
and eke an armed knyght,
The way to kepe and men to paſſe,
foꝛbiddeth by his might.
Except they come hym firſt vnto,
and pleaſe hym with ſome gift,
But he himſelfe doth hold his hall,
amid yon tolwꝛy clift,
Thyꝛe doughters eke he only hath,
with

within his bowre to dwell:
whose names if thou desire to know,
I shall thee briefly tel.
The first of them is filthy excesse,
the seconde pusses pryde:
The third is foolysh ignorance,
with countenaunce bolde beside,
Who then quod I shall leade the route,
vnto this famous kyng?
Thre maides he hath quod gresil thee,
that thereto wyll thee bryng.
Chance, fraude, and usury, by these
haue al men easye way,
I haue no giftes then aunswerd I
that geue these maydes I may.
For safe it is suche girles to trust
some other waye declare:
There is quod he another way,
there is a way to spare,
Which if thou sayst the woorde, we gos
lead me therto quod I:
Together both we went therewyth,
where depe a vale did lye
With stones the way was al beset,
by whiche our iourney laie,
And so begrowne with crabbed thorns
that scarce we see the waye.

Hereby

Hereby we founde the ragged bowes
of ſely powerties:
With top vntilde we paſt it tho,
and ſtraight a wood we ſpie.
Behold, then ſaieth, my guide to me,
beholde yon trees ſo hie:
Whiche vi their tops do ſeme to tutche
the ſtarred ſtarry ſkye.
There dwels ỹ worthy quene (quod he)
by whom we ſhalbe bleſt:
But firſt thou muſt waſh hand & face,
and get thee netely dreſt.
The goddeſſe loues no naſtines,
nor ſlouens can abide:
A riuer ſmall I then perceiude,
by grauaile grounde to glide.
Which with a pleaſaunt huſhyng ſoũd
prouoked the ioyes of bed:
Heare waſht I faire my face & handes,
and combe my rugged hed.
I trimde my clothes in order fyne,
and lightnes hath expelde
All, graue, and earneſte thinges: ſo that
with mirth my waie I helde.
No further of them once a man
a ſtone may from him ſling:
The wood was then whereas we heare
the

the birdes full ſweetely ſing.
And flowers ſwete and faire we ſmell,
of whiche I nowe their growes:
Suche woodes tharabian neuer ſawe,
thoughe franconcense there flowes.
Nor yet the Eaſterne Indian tho,
nor Scith the like doth ſee:
Though rounde aboute he is beſet,
with bowes of lawrell tree.
Nor Atlas that the rowlyng ſkyes,
with ſhoulders doth ſuſtayne:
Though Satirs in ẏ place doth daunce
whom fairies loue doth payn.
A riuer milde about it runnes,
with comely water cleare:
The bankes ſo farre a ſonder ſtoode,
as leapes the chaſed deare.
And in the depth a doughtye droue,
of ſcaley beaſtes they play:
And for a wall it compaſſe is,
with lofty pines ſo gaye.
With pines ẏ in their crabbed barkes,
doth Tibels loue containe:
And Phebus Cipreſſe ſtandes them by
of equall height agayne.
Their lackes no maſtey Eſculus,
no mapple, holme, nor oke:

No plaintre, Corke, nor yet the nutte,
that coloure dothe prouoke:
The Arbute, and the Albertre,
the Chestnut, and the Ashe,
The Filbert, Pechetre, and the palme,
the Byrche with sprigge lasher
The Fyrre, and the Pyrtell eke,
and brode leaude Bechey woode:
when Saturne ruled the golden world,
whiche was our fathers foode.
The Wine the Fygge and Apple eke
and Lotos Pryaps frende:
The Iuey and the Laurell tre,
that Poettes headdes dothe shende.
The Mulbery and the Poplartre,
that Hercule once estemde:
The Peartre, wyllow, and the Prune,
with Bore that whytley semde.
The Wedlar and the Myue tre,
the Elme and Cherrey redde:
The Codtre and the Almon eke,
whose floures first doe spredde.
What should I heare the Cedare tre,
or Ieben call to mynde:
Or Cytre sytte for Tables fyne,
whom golde hys place respynde.
Or other more whose names yf thou,
doste

Doth take in hande to tell:
Thou ſoner mayſte in numbre bring
the Egiptians ſandes as well.
Thus in we go whereas the bridge
dothe ioyne the bankes in one:
Of ample ſpace and ſemely ſyght,
their Aleys long they gonne.
wyth Purple Roſes red and whyte,
and Paunſeyes painted hewe
whyte Daffodyles, and Violets ſwete,
wyth Flagrante Lylleys blewe.
Swete Amaranthe that long doth liue,
with leaues of Crimſon dye:
The Cloue with balme and Taſſia to,
Mynt, Time, and Sauery.
wyth Saffron, Pyrhe, and Maioram,
the Gardens onely gem:
Of ſauoure ſwete in Dale woodes,
ynow where growes of them.
Bothe heare and there in euery place,
ſwete ſauours vp they fume:
A thouſand kyndes of byrdes do fyll,
the woodes with pleaſant tune.
wyth diuerſe notes the cleared ayer,
they cauſed to reſounde:
There Prognes wailes ỳ great vntroths
that in her Loue was founde.

And Philomela doth bewayle,
her owne and Itis caſe:
In humayne voyce with painful throte
the Parat prates apaſe.
Their varying ſoftely notes ſo fyne,
the goldfynche caſt doth ſyng:
And waters flowes the flowers vppon
from cleare continuall ſpring.
And here and there their courſes runne
and moyſtes the herbes ſo grene:
No dragon there nor gredy wolfe,
might euer yet bee ſene.
No Boare, no Beare, nor Tigre fyerce,
nor ſerpent foule there dwels:
No harme with triple hiſſyng tounge,
with poyſon fierce that ſwels.
In fine no kind of beaſt there is
but ſuch as peace hath ſworne
The longeard wat the Hart the Buck,
the Goate with harmeles horne.
The middle heauens then almoſte,
the flaming Phebus helde:
When firſt we ſawe ſ gorgeous place,
wheras this Ladye dwelde.
Amidde the woodes an aumple ſpace,
full of grene herbes we ſee:
No tree there grewe but tables rounde

in order placed be.
With deintics ſuche as Capua dydde,
the eneyde duke prepare:
Suche deinties as they once dyd eate,
the ſacred ſhieldes that bare.
The time is come quod Greſill now we
let vs go drinke and fill:
Our bellies: Strength for to repayre,
it is the goddeſſe wyll.
That none ſhall paſſe with ſober head,
nor yet with hungred mawe:
For ſcotfree here maye all menne fede,
this is the Ladyes lawe.
Wh̄ meat doth faile, her maides do fil
the table full againe,
Apace we feede and ſcarce canne ryſe,
ſo wetes the wyne our brayne.
With doubtful ſteps our feete do trede,
with ſtackryng ſtumpes we go:
More earneſtly we then deſyre,
the Queene to come vnto.
Whom in the fielde we walking finde,
with mighty mirthfull trayn:
Young luſty guts with boyes & maides
and dotyng age againe.
On her righte hande a woman goes,
with pleaſant ſhinyng face:

and in her hand a boye she leades,
from downe whose shoulders place,
A dredfull quyuer hanges with shaftes,
bothe cruell sharpe and kene:
And in his handes a bowe he bare,
and dreawe the stringe ful tene.
Though blinde he was yet strayght he
at euery man his darte: (threw
And fiercie to without regarde,
he perced to the harte.
The shaft returneth strayght agayne,
when wyde the wounde is left:
The people all incontinente,
he had of lyfe bereft,
But that a certaine woman there,
that pytied muche the sore:
Of Godly zeale vnto these men,
gan helpe and helth restore.
For when the wounded breastes she sah
where as the darte went in:
Of any man, and bloud so warme,
that gusshing oute did spin.
Then strayte she runnes her cure vnto,
and helthfull drinkes him gyues:
Whereby though cruel wound remain,
the pacient yet he lyues.
An other woman yet besydes,
in left hand leades the quene;

Whose chaps do alwayes chaw ỹ cud,
her golles they grosly bene,
With musky dusky lothsom clothes,
whose syght doth all anoye,
And onely to she doth delyght:
in beastly belly ioye.
Great tankardes depe she turneth quite
the bottomes vpsey downe,
And in her hande a boye she leades,
with drousy dountyng crowne:
And winking eies, he starres could make
nor wouldo his dame permit,
With meate & drink thus quenchargde
to haue a wakyng syt.
A moyster straunge on her he flynges.
hears sounded with wheasyng noyse,
The boren shalme, with stroke ỹ harpe
is forced to shewe his voyce:
Here Orpheus doth bewayle hys wyfe
with tooth of serpent stone.
The dire decrees of darksom den,
and labours past and wone:
And after hym both beast and stone,
by musicke swete he drawes,
To Delphins eke Arion hore,
doth swetely syng his sawes.
With harp the noble Amphion heare,

bothe Thebes walles renewe,
Declaring her his cruel cale:
by shypmen this pursewe.
And after these with friskyng legges,
comes Dauncing all the reste:
Whose eyes a certaine dymnes darcke,
had fully them oppreste.
About the heades of euery one,
their flyes a flinckyng myst:
And one amongest them all I knewe,
that helde this worlde in fyst.
Sardanapalus heare am I,
that ruled with princely powre:
Thassyrians Realme loe thys haue I,
for that I did deuoure.
O foolyshe wretches, whylest you lyue,
lette neuer Joyes so go:
For after death alas there are,
no Joyes to come vnto.
Learne you by me O mortall men,
the truest waye to knowe:
Now last of all two Monsters came,
amyd the bitterst rowe.
Whereof the one with diuers tonges,
these fellowes fowle arayde:
The other vexed them sore with pricks,
that greste their Joye alayde.

No

So muche the heauens vs do hate,
reioysyng at our yll:
So far the goddes aboue do seme,
contrary to our wyll,
And thoughe with these aduersities,
we passe our dayes in payne:
yet haue we not one houre to ioy,
in quyet to remayne.
If ought we haue it is but shorte,
and ioye vnperfect framed:
O lyfe that dothe of ryght deserue,
exilement to be named.
Why doth the harmes of mortall men,
the goddes aboue delyght.
Why had they rather sad we were,
then lyue in Ioyfull plyght:
Whereof dyd fyrst spryng oute to vs,
suche mortall hatred fell:
Wherin thou the gods with pacient mind,
in bearynge cuyls well.
So spard we were of any lengthe,
from this vnrulye game:
When from the right side of the wood,
came forthe a comely Dame.
With body fyne and virgins face,
and sober semely gate:

Such one as Ioue his wife his thought
amyd her great estate.
With heare, and bosom torne, she rúes
to vs in dolefull plyght,
And not to be despyde she was
though clothes were base to syght,
And from her ruddy rosye lyppes,
these witty wordes did spryng:
O captyues whereto pace you thus
whereto shall phrensye bryng
You now stay here, set down your fete
and leape not to the snare
And hearken to my wordes a whyle,
that I shall heare declare.
Fyrst this (quod she) no goddesse is
nor her no goddesse bare,
As you (perchaunce) beleue she is:
to whom as now you goe
To tentes of whom you touet nowe
to Ioyne your selues vnto
But is a dredefull dyery spright
deceiuing all that liues
Unwares of her deceitfully
and gall for honey geues.
Let not the face deceiue you nowe
that semeth fayre without:
That glisters aye with shininge golde
beset

beſet with grenuues aboute.
you know not yet how foule ſhe is,
within theſe garmentes gaye.
A thouſande ſpotes within ſhe hath,
and caſtes her men alwaye
Deceitude with falſe deſtroyeng loyes:
as ſiſhe their haue come by
whom crafty fiſher doth beguyle
with rede deceitfully:
when from the rockes, into the ſoundes
he caſteth downe his lyne,
with harmefull bayte the bookes ſo hyd,
with haſtye courſe thei hine:
And ſnatche with greedy iawes the bayte,
and ſaſt they hang thereby,
And folowyng faſt the twyſtyng thrids
they daunce full dolefully.
The quiueryng ſandes of Libiaes lande
we nede not for to flye,
Ne fearefull Atiphatis houſe
ne Scillaes rocke ſo hye.
Nor dredeful drenching Charibdis,
nor other monſter fell,
So much as ought we pleaſure ſhunne
what harmes hereby do dwel,
In mortal men: what townes: what
what men of worthy fame (realmes:
Hath it deſtroide: I wilbe ſhort, and

and one example name.
Who euer yet Alcides paſt,
who durſt ſuche dedes aſſaye?
That ſlew two ſerpẽts foule ſometymes
in cradle as he laye.
He tore the tuſhes from them both,
and thruſt his handes ſo ſmal
In midſt their throtes. He cauſed bath,
Noloꝛchus beaſt to fall.
He cut the foule Echydnaes head:
deſtroyde the dꝛeadfull dꝛake
The fearefull bull adowne he thꝛew,
and ſwifty Hart did take.
He bath arpeide the Stymphalides
by foꝛce of valeant bowe.
The Thꝛacian tyꝛaunres ſtable eke,
his hand did ouerthꝛowe.
He turnde thy courſe Achelous,
and bꝛake thy winding creke
He toke the apples from the maydes,
and ſpoyide the Spaniſh freke,
Of hugie kyne. He dyd deſcende
adowne the pyt of hel:
The dꝛeadful dog from thence he dꝛew,
that ſometh poyſon fell.
The Boꝛe of Erymanthus to,
was ſlayne of that ſame hand.

And

And anthens eke the ſtrength of hym,
lyft vp dyd vnderſtande
ye felte it eke that Oren ſtale,
Dan Vulcanes wyly whelp,
And after all the wery ſire
he coulde olde Atlas helpe.
The ſtarres aboue and ſwaying poules
whoſe ſhoulders doe ſuſtayne.
But O thou hurteful pleaſure loe
deſceitfull eke and vayne,
The Lordly beaſtes of Gigian mayde
with wyll he dyd obay.
And he whom dire Megraes force
nor fende mighte once affray:
Nor quiuering Tartares froſtye colde
nor flames of Phlegethon
Nor vgly Charons dredful loke,
with briſtled heeres vpon.
Dyd often fondly feare the threates
of mylde vnmighty mayde.
For ſhielde, in hand a diſtaffe beares
for helme, with coyfe arayde.
The hande alſo that once was wonte,
vnweldy clubbe to ſhake:
In maydely guiſe gan towe to ſpynne,
and eke accountes to make
Of taſke perfourmed. And vnto her

the

the bondied flare he beareth:
whilſt clothed in wemens weed & ſtrake
of miſtres, whip he feares.
Amphitrions ſonne, what beaſtly taſte
hath made thee thus ſo bleare?
For as that hag dame Circes did,
tranſforme to ſwiniſh kynde
Vliſſes mates, bewrapt theyr bones,
in ſtubburne briſtles harde:
ſo doth your Quene (nay rather ſtame)
chaunge them that her regarde.
For diſhe in hande to them ſhe geues,
of pleaſaunt poyſon full: (ſtraunge
Of which who drinkes is straight tran-
in Lion, Boze, or Bul.
Or made a dog, or els a wolfe,
the common plague to ſheape
And other into diuers ſhapes
are thus compelde to creape.
But fewe of that ſame ſorte there be
this deathly cuppe that flye:
And you your ſelues theſe fearful fates
ſhal ſhortly ſure come bye:
If you perchaunce will after runne,
the banners of this hoſte.
wherfore be wyſe, and flye the ſnares
I warne you ſirs before

whylſt

whylſt time will ſerue:vñ bridling byts
and rule your wylfull myndes,
gaze in the pray hidden ſnares,
let not your eyes be blynde.
Leaſt ſhe like as the ſpider doth
begyle the ſely flye,
whylſte as in tender webbe ſhe lurkes
and in her bowre doth lye.
But when ſhe doth perceiue,
the gilties ſoule intrapt
Then out with cruel courſe ſhe comes,
the corps in cordes ſo clapt,
The duſky tiwſt with nimble legges,
about it faſt ſhe wyndes (through
With deadlye ſtynge ſhe thruſtes hym
and ſuckes the bloud ſhe fyndes.
O mad to mad, whiche when he maye
to gods compared be
By reaſon rulde, yet brutiſh trayn,
to haunte deliteth he:
In vſing eſt of lecherous actes,
and pamperyng Venus frende,
His gredy paunche, and beaſtlines
he foloweth to his ende.
Theſe wordes, with pacience could not
my luſky Greſylde gyde: (beare
But mourning this his wyll, ſo broke,

and

and angred ehe beſide.
With mumbling words ſhe hurls her head,
he turnes from vs his face (while
And, vnto his acquainted mates
ranne thys legde fyze a pace.
Arete than (for ſhis her name,
ſhe durſte her ſelfe to be)
Let Gyeſyl fye from hence away:
regarde not thou quod ſhe.
The Dule to darkenes vſde, cannot
the glitteryng ſunne abyde
And as the ſicke whom feuer long
with ragyng heate hath tryde,
Refuſeth ſuch, as may to hym,
his healthe agayne reſtoze,
Thinges woꝛſe and hurtful to his life
deſyzing rather moze.
So fooles doe folow falſe things moſt,
and from the truth thei flie.
But fye not thou my warnings heare,
yf helth thou doeſt ſet by.
Which ẏ thou mayſt moze aptly heare
walke now this wale with me.
For with theſe ſyghtes the mind is let,
and eares diſturbed bee.
Then towardes ẏ right hand forth ſhe
and vnderneath a bay (leades

That

That ſtode thereby, we both ſit downe
and Liuius ſhe gan to ſaye.
That woxkmaiſter firſt, that made ꝑ ſkies
the earth, and ſeas alſo.
As, al the ſphearo ſhe hath compelde
gaynewarde the firſt to goe.
So would he that the effectes of mynde
ſhould reaſon ekt gaynſay
Leaſt mynde alone within the coꝛps
with dulneſſe ſhould decaye.
Foꝛ as the hoꝛſe, by foꝛce of ſpurre,
and Oꝛe, with gods a ryght
Are foꝛſde to goe, and by the ſmarte
receiue they greater might:
So ſharp with foꝛce, the effects the mind
encreaſed by reſtraint.
The whiche effectes, yf they were not:
the mind ſtraight wayes would faint
And would no woꝛthy thing perfoꝛme:
like as the ſhippe doth lugge.
Except the windes her ſailes doe puffe
and Oꝛes by foꝛce her dꝛugge.
Some greatly erre therfoꝛe, that ſays
ſuche tumultes of the mind,
A wiſeman neuer ought to feele
lyke foꝛme in marble ſinde.
Theſe men do thynk a man to be:

and dotyng preache in vaine.
For than, in vaine, had nature wrought
to man ſuche mocions plaine,
Whiche is to baſe for to conteſte
we maye them therfore vſe,
Sith lawfully if reaſons rule
and arte therto vs chuſe.
Theſe great affections of the minde,
with bridle ſtronge be guyded:
And, as the horſeman rules his horſe,
ſo rules he them beſydes:
For once is ouer ron of them,
he, that deſerues to be
A wyſe man namde, and not in vaine,
but fewe there be, we ſe,
That verie knowes, for to obtaine
in meaſure for to ſtay:
Some ſort, therfore, this fame do leue:
ſome take it cleane away.
Bothe ſortes therby in errour haulte:
For, onely gods alone,
By reaſone lyues, and beaſtes againe
with onely ſence do grone.
But man, with bothe, is full adornde:
commaunded to reioyſe
In bothe alſo: in reaſon moſte:
this parte is worthyer choyſe,

And

And moze celeſtiall, eke, it is,
and lyfteth men aloſte.
Wherе, laſte bothe thzow men heeling
and makes thē haue full ofte. (bolwn,
Wherfoze we ought it leaſt to bey:
although (o nature blynde
Of men) that euery man it haunteth:
and fewe can reaſon finde.
A ſoyt therfoze amyd the woꝛld
ſaunte noumbze ſawe wē play
To which, euen thou, wō doultith guyde
hadſt helde thy foolyſhe way:
But that our voyce did thee withdzaw.
and didſt thou nothyng feare
Thoſe monſters, to, with fleithy ſteps
that followed after theare?
Knoweſt ꝑ their names? the one is gyeſt
the other flaunder hyght.
I not forbid, noꝛ graunte ſuche ioyes
of ſence proceding ryght,
But, rare, I would that they ſhould bee
and eke no vertues foe.
Foꝛ whiche, it neuer lawfull is:
thinges honeſt to let goe:
But bridelles ſtronge thou needeſt ſure,
and cloſely them to take.
Foꝛ els they hurte: and ioyful thinges

wyll malyce not forsake,
Disordring all: and lacke [illegible] muche.
a man dothe from [illegible] lyue:
So muche the more, [illegible] approache
the state of Ioue, [illegible]
And he that haunters them moste of all:
is worthy lest of prayse:
Abasing, eke, hym selfe therwith:
with beastes he leades his dayes.
They hurt besides, when as they be
to dayly vse retainde
And daungers dyse be got therby,
and mind with lettres is painde.
Nor can the minde be alwayes set
to sener thinges addicte,
For fraile it is and toye it muste
when endes the sad afflicte.
And downe the hieste hylles descende
to valleyes depe and lowe:
No otherwise, then when one earth
dothe Ioue his lyghtning throw:
Hating the crimes that here be don:
the Egle bearing fast,
Wyth kyll or feete, the threedgd toole
in Cicill forrace caste:
Ascendes the toppes of heauens hie,
and maruayles muche to se

The

The princely walles, with precious (ſtones
that there adourned be:
Aſtoniſhed is to ſe the place
of glyſtering golde confecte:
That ſhynes w̄ ſtarres, the doth behold
with Diamond pillers decke.
The coſtly rouffes the lookes vpon,
of Indian tecth compact:
She maruayles at the ample feeld
and lyght that neuer lacke,
The great delightes that gods are in,
that tonge can not expreſſe,
Nor neuer harte of man could thinke
the worthy pleaſauntneſſe.
So he flying faſt both herrand there,
deſyreth muche to playe:
By ſkies ſo cleare, and pleaſaunt ayres
begynnes her wynges to ſpray.
The earth, and quite the doth forgette:
her neſt is out of mynde.
In princely rayne, of thundryng God,
ſuche pleaſure doth ſhe fynde.
But after that, by hungers prick,
with faſting ſtrength decayes:
And heate lackes foode to worke vpon:
that nowe ſhee gan to prayſe,
The heauens hye ſhe doth deſpyſe,

and down her ſelfe ſhe ſpedes.
To ground, that late ſhe dyd contemne
and there apace ſhe fedes.
Than I whiche held my peace ſo lõg,
(ſuche ſilence for to breake)
Addreſt my ſelf, and not affrayd
her talke to ſtoppe, gan ſpeake.
Becauſe (quod I) the ſonne as now,
gan weſtwarde faſt diſcende:
And night doth haſt his courſe to vſe,
before this lyght doe wende
Away from vs, and darkenes comes:
a fewe thynges ſhew to me
O goddeſſe mylde (no matrone, thou
but ſemes a ghoſt to be)
What name the woman had, of late
that I ſawe ponder ſtand
Beſides the quene: and what the boyes
be, that ſhe lead in hand.
Than in this ſort ſhe aunſwerd me:
doubt not thou ſhalt diſcerne
By me (if time doe nothyng let)
all that thou ſeekes to lerne.
Unworthy thinges, thou haſt not aſkt;
I wyl therfore reſyght
Her, now that on the left hand goes:
and greedy gut ſhe hight.

Her

Her great delight, is for to eate,
and night and daye to drinke.
The greateſt ſorte doe worſhip her,
and for a god her thinke.
With ioyful hertes the flaming wines
in gilded holes they mashe.
And coſtly cates on bourdened bourdes
the greedy guttes they graſhe.
The chiefeſt good, they thinke to be,
this belly god to ſerue:
But out of doubt, I thee aſſure,
they from the truth doe ſwerue.
For nothyng is more vile than this,
nor, harmeth more the ſtate
Of man. The beaſtes for onely lyfe,
did Ioue aboue create.
But man for lyfe, and reaſon to:
and that he ſhould excell.
And ſo be lykevnto the ſainctes
whiche in the heaucns dwell,
Hye ordaynde hath to rule the earth.
but, they that loue the poke
Of greedineſſe, and belly ioyes
are dull: and with the ſmoke
Of fumyng meates their wit is darkt:
(like as in cloudes the ſonne)
Ne may they yet the trueth diſcerne:

but chiefly, when begon
Hath boyling wines, within the braſſe
to blynd and dull the ſpyt.
And when, the paunches ſtuffed full:
for bookes they be vnfyt.
Wherby, it often comes to paſſe,
their wyt but ſmall to be.
The ende, that nature plaſte them for,
they cleane forſake we ſee
For, more they know, then doth ỹ bery
of ſhepe, or Oxen dull:
Yea leſſe ſometime, when as with wine
their beaſtly braines be full.
When as for one, two lyghtes they ſee
with boyde and wall to daunce.
O dronkennes, the death of mynde,
the broode of all miſchaunce,
What thyng, doſte ỹ not force, ỹ mynd
of man to take in hande:
What dare not he, attẽpt thorow thee:
both ſtrike, with braulyng, and
Moſt cruell frayes thou moueſt him to:
thou loueſt, when bloud is ſhed:
By thee, are ſecretes eft reuealde,
with mynde and tong made bed.
Both feare and ſhamefaſtnes alſo,
full farre they flye from thee.

Shunne

Shunne you this plague(O wretches)
that makes you mad to be. (naie
And euen as mad,as once Orestes was with mothers mighte.
What filthier thing,what beaste more
then is the dronken wyghte (vile
The meat that he,not long before
hath fast deuoured vp,
He perbrakes out:he trembles eke,
and lyuketh of the cup.
Full oft he falles,& breakes his braines
his eyes,and legges withall.
His stutting wordes he stammereth out:
no man perceiue hym shall.
Much thynges he sayth,& much he doth
that when the night is gone,
And sonne is prestrat here agayn:
he sorowes sore vpon.
The Macedonian kyng,the sonne
of Philip graunde le Roy,
In dronken mode,at table once,
his frendes dyd all destroy:
But whē the cups their fumes had left
and wit returnde agayne:
He found ꝑ fault,wt teares he mourned
and wisht hymself as fayne.
What by boast you,wt your Orgies vayne
in

In woodes of Citheron?
Your Thias dance, why brag you nowe
your foolyshe drooms vppon?
No god your Bacchus is, I wis
that comes of Cadmus line,
Nor Ioue him got of Semeles wombe:
as Poetes do define,
But hell hath hym engendred, Is
Megera is his dame,
No god he is, but dothe despyse
the gods, and hates their name
For godlinesse they nought esteme,
that haunte the pots of wyne:
Nor wel can vse the dronken priest,
the sacramentes deuyne.
What nede I here for to resite,
what sickenes, and what paynes:
Excesse of meate, and to muche drynke,
doth breede within the vaynes?
From hence doe flowe: euen as it were,
from euerlastyng springes
The arrese, and the botche, the byle
with skauls and skurf ytchyng.
The goute oppressyng handes and fete
with bleered droppyng eyes.
With wine, the quiuering ioynts they
from iawes & teeth out flies. (quake

With

With sodayne death, & stomakes payn,
and fulsome stinkyng breath.
A greater sort then, swerde hath slayne,
cruelle hath done to death.
Besides the goodes he straight cõsumde
and downe the gutters doe flyng,
The field, the house, the howshold stuffe
and euery other thing.
And now both poore, and base he is
whose riches late were great,
Eate thou, whereby thy life may laste:
but lyue not thou to eate.
I haue thee here declarde nowe
the woman what she byght,
And now the boy. with noddyng nowle
I wyll thee here respyght.
The boy is hers, and of her bayne
and labour hym begat,
His name is sleape, his nurse is lerh
his foode is poppey fat.
The brother germayn is to death
but not as she doth last.
He doth refresh the werped iymmes,
with dayly labour past.
He doth expel the cares of men:
and calleth strength again.
Without the ayde of hym no man

his

hys lyfe may well ſuſtaine.
Yet hurtes he muche, & dothe the minde
in certaine wiſe oppreſſe:
Diſeaſes breedes, and kylles the corps:
oft vſed with excesſe.
If foode be ſmale, he ſmale wyll be:
for when the meate is ſpent,
The corps dothe wake, or els doth reſt
with lytle ſleape content.
More lightly then his reſt he takes
and better ſleapes doth breade.
But vnto troubled mindes it is
a comforte great in deade.
And muche it is to be deſired,
when loue the harte dothe paine:
When ſyckneſs greues, or when the mā
dothe heauy chance ſuſtaine:
Then is it more to be eſteemed:
then golde or precious ſtone.
As death, ſo ſleap doth make the wretch,
and happye man as one.
But he, whom nature hath endewed
with long, and happy dayes:
That doth deſyre experte to be,
in euery kynde of wayes:
By vertue, eke, a famous name
in earthe for to obtaine:

Vnlike

Muſte watche: for famous thinges, by
none ar perfourmed plaine. (ſcape
And for to ſcape in feathers ſoft
renowne dothe eft refuſe.
Shun thou this ſame, with al thi might
thy ſelfe to watching vſe
For, O what times of quyet length
ſhall fates permytte to thee:
When laſt of all the night ſhal come,
and daye ſhall banyſht be.
And breath hath left ỳ quiuering ioynts
lyke ayre that fletyng flyes.
With long and euerlaſtyng ſlepe
then ſhalt thou ſhut thyne eyes.
While as the goddeſſe thus did ſpeake,
diſcended downe from hye
Thaumantis, lo when ſũne doth ſhine
that gliſters in the ſkie,
With diuers hew that ſhewes her face,
ampdde the miſty cloude:
With ruddy roſy purple lippes,
thus gan ſhe ſpeake aloude.
God ſpede thee goddeſſe here on earth,
Panomphes gem moſt deare,
Arete chiefe of goddeſſes
(as doth to me appeare)
Come on thy wayes for all the gods
deſire

deſyreth nowe to ſee:
Leaue thou the earth, & erthly raignes
where dwellers yll thei be,
Here is no place for ghoſtly men:
all wycked crimes here raygne:
Religion none, no fayth, nor grace
but vertue in diſdayn.
Here foolyſh fondnes holdes the halle,
imperial ſcepter aye,
Fraud, and diſceyte al men amongſte
is vſed here alwaye.
Go to therefore in haſt, as now:
breake of thy tale begonne,
Let lettes ber loſed, & with lyke courſe,
let vs to heauen runne.
Arete than, beholdyng me,
theſe wordes beganne to saye:
I cannot now (as fayne I wouide)
all thynges to thee diſplay
But when the daye agayne repayres,
and nyght away ſhal flyde:
To thee, ſhall I ſende one, be glad,
to tell thee all beſyde.
Farewel therfore: & with theſe wordes
gayne warde the ſayes they ſpryngе,
The weſterne wynde dyd them receiue
and vpwarde faſt them bring:

Like

Lyke as when wicked Scilla flyes,
her father folowyng fast,
Aloft by lytle vpthe hyes,
and he gan after hast:
With gredy mynde, & through the ayre
he foxes bothe here and there,
Destryng much to wreke the fault
of cuttyng of his heere.
So he strynes her selfe in cloudes to hyde
and mounteth out of sight,
And Nisus thether pereeth fast,
that bothe be out of syght.
Adowne the cloudes, doth sunne discend
and forth the starres they shyne.
And I the way that greybeerd led,
full sadly then declinde
And home I come, my promist ioyes
In heauy hope to fynde.

Faultes escaped in the printyng.

In the first page. xiii. line, for darkneſſe, reade e. nyce. The. iiii. page. iii. lyne, for rightly, reade richely, the. xi. lyne, for abaſed, read abaſhed. The. v. page and. xv. lyne, for gaue, read gene. The viii. page. xii. lyne, for fyxed loue, reade fixed lome. xviii. line, for Atua, read Etna xvi. lyne, for clauſe, read chance. The xiii. page. xi. lyne, for lyfe, read light. The. viii. page. xix. lyne, for Hanimedes, read Ganymedes. In Gentini. for Holoxchus reade Holoxchus: for Hegraes: read Higeraes.

A Table brefely declarynge the ſignification and meanynge of all ſuche Poeticall woordes as are conteynde within this boke, for the better vnderſtandyng thereof.

A

AChelous, was of the Poetes fayned to be the ſonne of Tethys & Oceanus, who for the loue of Deianyra, fought with Hercules, and perceauynge Hercules to ſtronge for hym, he tranſformed hymſelfe into a bulle, at whyche tyme Hercules broke one of his hornes. Wherfore beyng ouercome, he hydde himſelfe in a ryuer. The very truth is, It was a certayn riuer runnyng from the hyl Pindus, wherof Hercules dried vp an arme, that many tymes ouerflowed the countrey, and therby obtained Deianyra.

Aganippe, a certayne welle conſecrated to the Muſes, in the countreye of Boetia.

Acheron, one of the riuers in Hell: Of Seruius taken for a place, wherin Hercu-

cromancie was vſed.

Ariſteus, the ſonne of Apollo, whyche fyrſt inuented the vſe of hony, and dyeſſyng of hyues.

Amphitrion, the huſbād of Alcumena, and father in lawe to Hercules.

Alcinous, kynge of the Corcyrians, whoſe whole ſtudye and pleaſure was in keeppynge of gardeynes, and alſo in graffyng.

Alcides, one of the names of Hercules, ſo called of his graundefather Alcæus.

Arion, a cunnyng harper, and a Grecian bozne, hauyng gayned much money in Italy by muſike, ſayled toward Grece. In whiche iourney by the ſhypmen he was throwen ouer bourde, but for his ſwete melody receyued vppon the backe of a Dolphyn, was ſette lafe on the lande.

Atlas, kynge of the blacke Mooꝛes, who fyrſt as the Poetes doo affirme, inuented the excellente arte of Aſtronomye, and was feigned of theym to ſuſteyne the heauens vppon his ſhulders. Atlas, is called in deede a hylle of a wonderous heyght.

Arcte,

Arete, vertewe, the doughter of Iupyter.

Amphion the ſoonne of Iupiter, and kynge of Thebes, whome the Poetes fained fyrſt to inuent muſike, and therby to rayſe the walles of Thebes.

Antheus, a great gyaunt that foughte with Hercules, who as ofte as he was throwen to the ground, recouered double his ſtrength, whych Hercules perceaued, held him hie from the ground and cruſhed hym to death.

Antiphates, was kynge of the Leſtrygonians, a people lyuyng by mannes fleſhe: amonge whome Vlyſſes menne were deuoured.

B.

Bacchus, the ſonne of Iupiter and Semele, who fyrſt inuented makynge of wynes, and counted therefore for the god of wyne.

C.

CAphare, a meruaylous greate rocke in the Iſlande of Cubois vppon the whych the Grecians perceauynge by nyghte as it were a fyre, ſayled therunto, and loſte diuers ſhyppes.

Cadmus, the ſonne of Agenor, who fyrſt buylte Thebes, and was father to Semele, of whom Jupiter begatte Bacchus.

Caſtaly, a welle at the bottome of the great hyll Pernaſſus, where the Muſes dyd commonly vſe.

Charon, an old deformed knaue, whō the Poets fained to be ferryman of the ryuers in hell.

Capua, a notable citie in Italy, geuen in the olde tyme all togyther to bealy-cheere and wantonnes. It hath beene twiſe deſtroied: and as Blondus teſtifieth, is at this day ſituated two Italyan myles from his fyrſt place.

Charybdis a daungerous goulfe betwene Calabre and Sicile.

Ceraſtes, a venomous ſerpent, hauyng eight hornes, who couerynge his body in ſandes, deuoureth many men vnwares.

Colchos, a countreye in Scythia, betwene the ſeas Caſpium, and Pontus, where breedeth a great numbre of Feſantes.

Circes, a great witche dwellyng in an Iſlande aboute Campania, who tranſ-

fore

fourmed men into beaſtes.
Cirha, a towne at the bottome of the hyll Parnaſſus, dedicated to Apollo.
Cyzicus, a famous cytie in Aſia, wher in was great ſtore of oyſters.
Cybele, wyfe vnto Saturne, and mother to all the Ethnikes goddes, who cauſed an amorous chyld, called Atys, a Phrygian, to kepe her churche, commandyng hym to lyue chaſt, but he incontinent brake chaſtitie, whereat the takyng diſpleſure, puniſhed him with madneſſe. In whyche fury, he geloed hym ſelfe with a flynte, addynge theſe woordes:

Lo here for my deſartes,
With bloude I pay the payns:
O curſed bee the partes
That ſo prouoked my brayns.

He was after tranſformed into a pine.
Cytheron, a woddy hyll in Boetia, dedicated to Poetes and Muſes for the pleaſantnes therof.

D.

DRiades, certayne wood nymphes.
Dædalus, a notable good carpenter, borne in Athens, whome the Poetes fayned by arte to make wynges,

by the whiche he with his ſonne flewe into Sicilie, and other partes: In whi che flight his ſonne named Icarus was drowned. The verye trouthe was, he fyrſte inuented ſayles of hyppes.

Dionyſe, a great tyrant in Sicilie.

Demoſthenes, a famous oratour in Athens.

Democritus, a philoſopher, that put his owne eyes, to eſcheiwe the vanities of the worlde.

E.

ERimanthus, a wylde foreſt in Arcadia, where as Hercules ouercame a monſtrous boze.

Ætna, a meruaylous hylle in Sicilie, continually bournyng, named at this day Monte Gibello.

Eos, the ſpryngyng of the daye, ſometyme taken for the day ſterre, and ſom tyme for the eaſte.

Echidna, a foule ſerpente that Hercules ſlewe.

F.

FAlerne fieldes, a place in Italye, replenyſhed with vines, where of came thre kyndes of notable wynes.

Fer-

Ferraria, a famous dukedome in Italy, called at this day Ferrer, vnder the protection of the ecclesiasticall powle.

G.

GAnymedes, the sonne of Tros, kyng of Phrygia, a boye of passyng beautie and feminine countenance, taken vp into the skies by an Egle at Iupiters commaundement, and made his butler.

I.

ICarus, the sonne of Dædalus, who presumynge to flye to hye, fell into the sea.

Idale woodes, a pleasant woody place in Cyprus, whervnto Venus often resorted.

Itys, the son of Tereus, kyng of Thrace transformed into a Fesant.

Ixion, kyng of Thessalie, who beyng of Iupiter bidden to a banket, attempted the honestie of his hostesse, whiche Iupiter perceauyng, left vnto the pictures of Juno in a clowde, of which he begate the Centaures, and for his boldynge therof, was after punished in hell vpon a wheele, of adders.

L.

LEthe, a riuer in hell, of which who so euer tasteth, forgetteth all thynges paste.

Lidia, a countreye, in the whiche renneth the pleasant ryuer Pactolus, full of golde.

M.

MEgera, one of the furies in hell.

Midas sonne to Gordius kyng of the Phrygians, who desyred of Bacchus, that all that he touched, myght be gold, whiche Bacchus granted. Wherby his meate & drynke turnyng into gold, he was nere famished tyll Bacchus released his graunt.

Molorchus, a shepeherde in the wood Nemea, who desyred Hercules to destroye a lyon, whiche he perfourmed with Molorchus clubbe.

Muses, the nyne daughters of Iupiter and Memory, ladies of learnyng.

N.

NYsus, kynge of the Megarenses, hauynge in his heade a purple heare, whyche caused hym to bee inuincible, whose doughter for the loue of Minos stale away the heare, wherby

by he was vanquished of Minos, and after transformed into a hoby, and his doughter into a larke.

Nectar, a pleasaunt wyne died of the Ethnike goddes.

O.

ORpheus, a Thracian, soonne of Apollo, so farre excellynge in musike, that he moued stones, trees, and blockes, with his pleasaunt harmonie. By musike also he brought his wyfe out of Helle, and was after torne in pieces by women. some thynk destroied with lyghtnynge.

Orion, the soonne of Neptune, a famous hunter, who desyrynge the companye of Diana, was slayne of a scorpion, and after canonised amonge the sterres.

Ogyges, an auncient kyng in the countrey of Boetia, who buylt Thebes.

Orestes, the soonne of Agamemnon, who slewe his mother, for murdrynge of his father: he afterwarde was mad: In which rage he was neuer forsaken of Pylades his frende.

Orgyes, and Thyase, certayne songes and daunces celebrated to the honour

of

of Bacchus.

P

Paleſtine, a countreye in Syria, wherin was the great cities Gaza Aſcalonus, Gethe, Acharon, Aſotum, geuen all to couetouſneſſe and beaſtlyneſſe: ſome thynke they were deſtroyed with Sodoma & Gomorrha.

Pernaſſus, a goodly hyll, haunynge two toppes: this hyll was in the olde tyme dedicated to the muſes.

Pallas, doughter of Jupiter, goddeſſe of battayle.

Panomphes, one of the names of Jupyter.

Pergamus, the famous citie of Troy.

Phœbus, otherwiſe called Apollo, the god of eloquence and Poetrie.

Plutus, the god of rychcſſe.

Pluto, the god of helle, otherwyſe called the dyuell.

Progne, the wyfe of Tereus, kynge of Thrace, who ſlew her own ſonne, and ſerued hym in at table to her huſband: for the whiche deede ſhe was tourned into a ſwallow, her huſbande to a lapwing, and the chylde into a feſant.

Polyphemus, a great gyant in Sicilie whoſe

whose eies Hercules put out.
Philomela, doughter to Pandion, whō Tereus her brother defyled, and after cutte oute her tungue, whiche shamefull acte her syster reuenged: She was after transfourmed into a Nyghtyngale.

Martiall

Kyng Teres actes of shameful force
Dothe Philomele bewayle,
A birde she swetely syngs her lawes:
A mayde her tongue dyd fayle.

Proserpine, wyfe to Pluto and ladye of helle.
Phlegreus fieldes, was a certayn place in Thessalye, where Jupiter foughte with gyantes.
Phlegeton, a ryuer in hell continually flampnge.
Pyrackmon Cyclope, maker of thunderbolces and lyghtnyng.

Q.

Q Virinus, otherwyse called Romulus, soonne to Mars, who fyrst buylt Rome.

S.

Satyrs,

Satyrs certayn beaſtes in Ethiope in ſhape lyke a manne, except theyr two hornes, and goates heades, they were taken in olde tyme for goddes.

Saturne, the ſonne of heuen and earth: who begate of his own ſyſter, Jupiter Juno, Neptune, and Pluto.

Sardanapalus, the laſt kyng of the Aſſyrians, a man of ſo ſylthy a lyfe, to bee reherſed.

Semele, daughter of Cadmus, and mother to Bacchus.

Scylla, the doughter of Niſus, kyng of the Megarenſes. It is alſo a great and dangerous rocke in the ſea by Sicile.

Sinon, a vylanous traytour amongeſt the grekes, who vnder the pretence of coloured frendſhyp, brought the noble citie of Troy to deſtruction.

Syſiphus the ſonne of Æolus, a horrible theefe, ſlayne by Theſeus, and payned of the poetes for his puniſhement in helle, continually to rolle a ſtone to the toppe of a hyll, whych falleth euer backewarde agayne.

Symplegades, two dangerous rockes in the ſea Helleſpont.

Sidon, a plentyfull citie in the greatter

Aſia

Aſia, wher was fyrſt inuented the mak-
kyng of glaſſe.
Stymphalides, certayn foule byrdes in
Arcadia, whiche Hercules deſtroied.
Stygian lake, a ryuer or lake in hell, by
the whiche the goddes alwayes vſede
ſweare.
Strongylos, a lyttell Ilande betweene
Sicille and Salerne.

T.

Tagus, a ryuer in Spayne or Portu-
gale, full of golden ſandes.
Tantalus, the ſonne of Iupiter, who
for reueling the ſecretes of god to men
was puniſhed ſtandynge in pleaſaunt
water vp to the chynne, and ouer his
noſe, honge goodly apples. But when
he aſſayed either to eate or drynke, they
bothe fledde from hym. Ouide.

In waters, water ſekes,
Falſe appuls hym allures:
Theſe paynful payns, for Tantal
His babblyng tongue procures.

Tarteſſe, a towne in Spayne, harde by
the pyllers of Hercules.
Tartarus, the deepeſt and darkeſt place
in hell, where ſynners be tormented.
Thaumantis the raynbowe, the meſ-
ſanger

langer of the goddes in euyll thynges.
Tisyphone, one of the furies of hell.
Tyrinthus one of Hercules names.
Triton, a god of the seas, and trumpettour of Neptune.

V.

VVlcane, soonne of Jupiter, and god of fyer, father vnto Cacus, that great theefe, a deformed villayne, and yet maried to the fayre lady Venus.

FINIS.

The Translatour to the Reader.

IF Chaucer nowe should liue,
Whose eloquence diuine,
Hath passed ỳ poets al that cam
Of auncient Brutus lyne.
If Homere here myght dwell,
Whose prayse the Grekes resounde
If Vergile myght his yeares renewe,
If Ouide myght be founde:
All these myght well be sure
Their matches here to synde.

So

So muche doth England flo[illegible]
With men of Muses kynde.
Synce theſe might find theire mates,
What ſhame ſhall this my rymes
Receaue, that thus I publyſhe here
In ſuche a perlous tyme?
A Poete ones there lyued,
And Cherill was his name:
Who thought of Alexanders actes
To make immortall fame.
Wedde vp in Pegaſe houke,
Of Poetes auncient bleude:
A thouſande verſes yll he made,
And none but ſeuen good.
Sythe Homer, Mergile, and the reſt
Haue here theyr matches ſee:
Let Cheril not therat diſdayne,
He ſhall bee matched with me.
For eche good verſe he dyd receyue
A peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verſe the kyng dyd bydde
His eare ſhoulde feele a blowe.
Though I preſume with him as mate
Coequall to remayne:
Yet ſeeke I not therein to be
Coparcener of his gayne.

FINIS.

CIMPRINTED AT
London, by John Tysdale, for
Nate Fisshbery dwellyng in Flete-
strete a litle aboue the Con-
duite, and there are to be
solde at hys shoppe.

Anno Domini.
1560.

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